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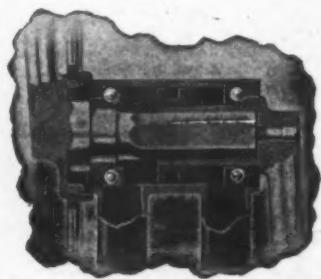
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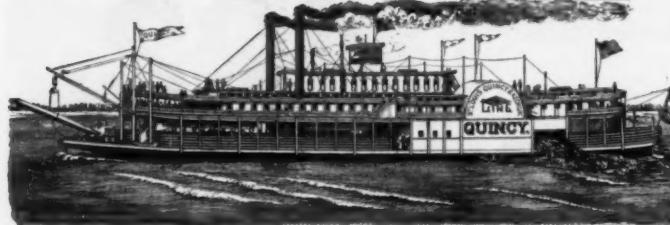
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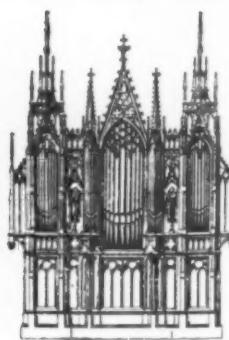
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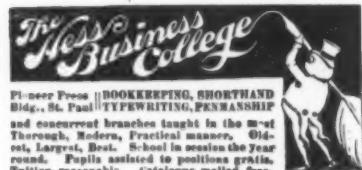


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MOOSE-HUNTING IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

By John M. McClintock.

Northern Minnesota is the hunter's paradise. Here, in what is known as the Lake Park region, and the Great North Woods, can perhaps be found the greatest variety and abundance of wild game in any region of like size in the United States. To the fisherman its rivers and lakes afford an unlimited supply of black bass, wall-eyed pike, sturgeon, and pickerel, while the smaller streams teem with brook and rainbow trout. The prairies and wheat-fields of the valleys of the Red River of the North and its tributaries are alive with prairie-chickens, which, unlike all other kinds of game, increase in number as the country becomes more thickly settled; this because of the increase in the number of fields of grain, thus affording for them more food and shelter. In the autumn the many small lakes and marshes are covered with ducks, geese, and brant, halted here in their flight towards the south for a few weeks' feeding upon the rich swamps of cranberries and wild rice, a combination of food which gives them a juiciness and succulence unsurpassed. The pine woods of the northeastern part of the State are inhabited by the small black bear, the timber wolf, and many fur-bearing animals; but more especially are they the home of the spotted-tail deer and the moose, the latter, America's biggest game.

The wild and rugged character of the country, covered as it is with a dense forest growth, makes this region a particularly desirable one for so timid an animal as the deer or the moose. The cutting off of the pine forests of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, and the consequent settling up of those regions by farmers, have driven the wild game farther to the north; and the North Woods of Minnesota, being most accessible, have naturally become its rendezvous in its slow, but sure, transition from the States to Canadian territory. But it will be some years before this region is destitute of its big game, for as yet many parts of it are practically unexplored, except by the timber cruiser, the hunter, and the trapper. It is rough and rugged, being one of the secondary watersheds of the continent. Forests of pine, birch, fir, and spruce cover the higher portions with so dense a growth that only an experienced woodsman can make any kind of progress through it, while the lower portions are composed of bottomless swamps of muskeag and moss.

It was with a full knowledge of these conditions that two companions and myself, together with an experienced woodsman, outfitted ourselves at Duluth for a ten days' hunt on the Vermillion Iron Range, 100 miles to the north. Good hunting can be found much nearer the city; in fact, deer and bear have frequently been killed in recent times within the city limits (the city's limits, in prospect of coming greatness, are extensive), but one's personal safety is of very considerable concern when it is remembered that near town, during the hunting season, the woods are full of irresponsible hunters who will shoot at the slightest sound or movement in the bush, heedless whether it be man or beast. Not a single season passes without the death-roll being lengthened by reason of such criminal carelessness. The laws of Minnesota permit anyone to kill deer, whether he is a resident of the State or not, without let or hindrance, between the 25th day of October and the 15th day of November, allowing five days after the 15th of November to get the game out of the woods—so extensive and magnificent are distances in this northern country. No deer or moose meat can under any circumstances, whether dead or alive, be removed from the State.

An exception to this latter rule was made two years ago when Franklin Rockefeller was permitted by the State game warden to remove two moose calves from Minnesota to Wade Park, Cleveland. The restrictions for killing moose and caribou are more rigid, the killing being confined to the male, or antlered animal, during the second five days of November—from the 5th to the 10th. From 1890 until November, 1897, no moose were permitted to be killed under any circumstances, and during this period they increased wonderfully in number, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of them were slaughtered by pot-hunters who hunted them for logging and road-building crews, and sold the carcasses for less than it would cost to haul beef to their inaccessible camps.

Our camp outfit resembled that of a Klondiker's in miniature. It consisted of

a 7x7 tent, blankets, set of woodsman's buckets, three in all, of such size as to fit one within the other; two spiders (thin skillets), tin cups and plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Of eatables we had plenty of bread, bacon, oatmeal and cracked wheat, butter, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, and a small bag of pancake flour—also pepper and salt; truly not a great variety for city-trained palates, but sufficiently ample for our untrained shoulders, when it is remembered that after leaving the train there awaited us a ten-mile tramp into camp over a trail almost impassable for one going light. One of the fundamental principles governing the outfit of a hunter whose hunting-ground is approached on foot is lightness with compactness, and to this end the manufacturer of sporting goods has given such marked attention as to produce such articles as handleless skillets of remarkable thinness; also a knife, fork and spoon combined in one utensil.

If a hunter is possessed of any reasonable degree of woodcraft, his camp will not lack for



BRINGING GAME INTO CAMP.

want of many little conveniences which his natural surroundings abundantly afford. For instance, there are millions of bushes around his camp, which, being cut aright, will make better bread toasters than the manufacturer has been able to produce. A stiff birch sapling six feet high, cut with a limb on each side, will afford ample room for a whole loaf of bread to be toasted in a dozen slices at once. If the camper will take a three-foot stick, sharpen it at one end and split the other so as to pass through the crevice a pliable piece of alder-bark, he will have a movable candlestick of great convenience. Birch bark, clean, clear, and flexible, will furnish table-cloth and plates, and, if need be, kindling for the morning's fire.

Our camp was located upon the banks of one of the thousands of small lakes which for centuries have sparkled like emerald gems, hidden and unknown, in this forest wilderness. Whether its waters went to the Atlantic, the Arctic, or the Gulf, none of us could tell, for we were on the very summit-point dividing the waters of the three great river systems of the continent. We were at the very fountainhead, and with unstinted quaffs we drank deep of its pure waters.

It is said, with a considerable degree of seriousness, that the remarkable richness of this region in iron ore—of which Minnesota last year produced and shipped to the furnaces in Ohio and Pennsylvania 7,000,000 tons—was discovered by some hunters while patrolling the shores of a small lake at night in a boat near enough to the land to catch the eye of the curious deer, attracted and held spellbound by the unusual brilliancy of the deadly jack-light. Instead of the darkness of the night being penetrated by the innocent wonder-eyes of the deer in response to the glare of the hunter's reflector, the flakes of specular hematite, adhering to the rocky shores, sent back to the hunter's boat a scintillation which has penetrated and revolutionized the industrial world, kept the wheels of industry whirring, and made the United States the greatest manufacturing nation of the earth.

The presence of iron in these rocks, thus discovered, led to closer investigation and ultimately to the unearthing of the richest iron deposits ever found. The laws of Minnesota now prohibit the killing of deer at night by means of the "jack-light," or "shining," as the practice is popularly termed by the hunter; but if it be true that the presence of these immense deposits of iron ore was first accidentally discovered by means of this cruel practice, then the State has been repaid many million-fold for any loss which her fauna may possibly have sustained while "shining" was being indulged in.

Having pitched our tent upon the shores of this beautiful, unknown, and unnamed lake, our first care after a hearty meal was to provide an ample supply of fir boughs for our bed. There is no part of this northern region destitute of the fir, consequently we soon had an abundance of short, crisp, springy boughs, one overlapping the other, until our emerald couch, two feet deep, rivaled the good, old-fashioned feather-bed familiar to our youth, not only in its generous proportions, but also in its soothing administrations to stiffened limbs made sore and weary by a ten-mile tramp over hills and swamps.

Our camp appointments being complete, and the thickening shadows of the night having enveloped our surroundings with darkness most somber, we sat around our blazing fire of birch logs smoking, quite content to let the great outside world whirl on in its mad rush of business care and excitement. Soon the fire burned



ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED REST AT HEADQUARTERS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL DAY'S HUNT.

low, the darkness grew blacker, the sighing of the pines became more mournfully soothing, the stories ceased, and each camper smoked on in a silence broken only by the crying of a broken limb far out in the wood, as an occasional gust of wind rubbed it against its parent tree. It was the hunter's bedtime, and soon we were sound asleep.

The dawn of day found us astir and busily engaged with the morning's meal, after which it was planned for our woodsman to spend the day locating the runways, yards, and licks frequented by the moose and deer known to inhabit the region; while the rest of us contented ourselves with a day's shooting at arctic hares and woodgrouse, at the same time familiarizing ourselves with our surroundings.

A successful deer hunter cannot rush into a strange forest and begin to bring down the game the first day. He must go slowly; he must first locate himself, and then the game. Moose and deer are not captured by beating the bush. Far from it. Their roads and rendezvous must first be found, and then they must be approached by the stealth of waiting and watchfulness. They must be permitted to come to the hunter; he can never go to them. To accomplish this, one must be possessed of patience, which, if exercised discreetly, will be well rewarded.

Towards sundown, one by one the members of our party came straggling into camp, each with a varied experience, but none with any game of consequence. All told, there were a dozen woodgrouse or partridge, a brace of spruce-hens, and four arctic hares. But these were amply sufficient to satisfy our keen appetites. The birds we broiled, two for each man; while the hares were dressed and hung out to freeze in the cold, crisp, October night air. Each being about four times as large as an ordinary rabbit, we had no difficulty in making them do full duty at next morning's breakfast.

The second morning in camp found each man keen and capable for the duties of the hunt. The researches of the woodsman the day before for "sign" had resulted so favorably, and his predictions of success were so flattering, that it was with difficulty we could restrain ourselves from rushing off, half-prepared, to the

scene of action. Some three miles from camp he had located two clumps of pine about 300 yards apart, the intervening distance being covered with a stunted growth of alder. Through these alders, leading from one hillock of pine to another hillock, was a runway indicating unusual travel. Near each end of this runway my companions were stationed, some distance back under cover, and told to wait and watch; while the woodsman and I went on a mile farther, where I was stationed under cover near a promising "lick." Here, crouched and cramped, without food, drink, or even a smoke, I spent the long, weary hours of the day, waiting for my deer to pass that way, while the woodsman went miles beyond in the search for sign of moose.

As the sun began to wane, I unlimbered my stiffened limbs and, as best I could, wended my way campward, where, two hours later, my famished faculties were greeted by the savory sizzling of two fat venison steaks merrily singeing from our two little spiders, placed upon a hot bed of coals. Early in the day my companions had brought down a magnificent buck, as he rushed along the runway in quest of the female sharer of his forest home. The balance of the time had been used in bringing his better parts into camp, all hands being well content with the day's success. Not envious of their achievement, I heartily joined them in the voracious dispatch of the evening meal; after which came the pipes, the stories, the far-away sighing of the pines, the silence of the night, and sleep.

It was the greatest desire of each of us to kill a moose, an animal found nowhere else in the United States, except in a small district in Northern Maine; and hitherto protected by law at all times from our merciless bullets, but now for five short days a legal subject of prey.

The third day in camp was the 5th of November, the first day of the open season, and bright and early we were on our way to the place which our woodsman had located as the most promising for this big game. It was along the shores of a small lake about five miles from camp, one side of which was bordered by a dense tamarack and cedar swamp extending back from the lake several miles. It is the



A HOMESTEADER'S CABIN IN THE HUNTING REGION OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

custom of the moose to feed on the tender roots and grasses which grow in the shallow edges of the lakes, and to spend their time, when not feeding, in the densest part of the near-by swamps, where they are reasonably secure from danger. In these swamps they have established standing-places or yards, from which they have well-traveled roads leading to the feeding-grounds. It had been the business of our woodsman, after finding the feeding-grounds, to locate these roads, it being his intention to station us near these trails under cover, and especially to the windward, as the moose is possessed of the keenest sense of smell, the only apparent use for its immense, homely proboscis.

We had come prepared with food and extra coats to spend the night, for the moose feeds only during the night and very early morning. The lake was about three miles long, one entire side of which bordered on the swamp, through which there ran many well-traveled roads with fresh "sign;" consequently we had no difficulty in disposing ourselves, each on a different trail, at some considerable distance apart. My own station was in the three-limbed crotch of an old cedar about fifteen feet above the ground and fifty yards from the trail. My position commanded a good view of the lake shore for several hundred feet in both directions, it being not more than seventy-five yards distant.

In this uncomfortable position I sat, cramped, crabbled, and cold, from shortly after sunset until early next morning, without seeing a single living object or hearing a sound, except an occasional hare as it hopped about on the muskeag at the base of my tree. As I sat there in a semi-conscious state, along towards morning, just as streaks of gray began to shiver the darkness, I was suddenly startled into dumbness and inactivity more profound, if that were possible, than the long, cold vigils of the night had produced, by a crashing sound coming closer and still more closely towards me down the trail from the swamp. In an instant the long, swinging, swishing, scraping noise had passed me. My senses returned. I was not dreaming. It was a moose!

Instantly all my faculties were alive, every nerve was throbbing, every muscle was at tension, every fiber was thrilling. Although he had passed me, he had not escaped me, for the gathering gray of the morning plainly showed his huge outline standing knee-deep in the water's edge, with his head sunk beyond the ears voraciously digging with his capacious maw the succulent flag-roots at his feet. Cautiously and carefully I parted the few obtruding cedar boughs, and, taking a certain aim,

sent a half-ounce ball crashing into his shoulder-blade, shattering it beyond hope of recovery. With a roar of terror and anguish he plunged forward as if to charge an enemy; but it was useless, my bullet had fulfilled its mission, and forever laid low this monarch of the forest. This shot, while never fatal, is the one practiced by the hunter of four-footed game, for it always makes locomotion impossible by breaking the shoulder-blade, after which the animal can easily be dispatched with certainty.

Finding that he could not run, he staggered out on the bank, where, a moment later, a second shot from my rifle pierced his heart and ended his innocent life. The reports from my gun soon brought my companions to the scene, when all agreed that he was a noble specimen, standing, as he did in life, full sixteen hands in height, and weighing 1,600 pounds. Fourteen prongs graced his immense antlers, thus indicating his age to be sixteen years, there being a prong for each year after the first two years.

Now that the game was secure, our hard work began—work, compared with which the vigilance of the night was insignificant. We were five miles from camp, without any breakfast, and had on our hands the carcass of a moose weighing almost a ton. Not staggered by the undertaking in prospect, we hastily cut off the head, leaving a lengthy neck in order to make a more desirable mounted specimen, and skinned him, while yet warm, with our ready hunting-knives. This done, he was disembowled as he lay, after which the hind quarters were removed and cut into forty-pound chunks. One of these was securely strapped on each of our backs, after which hasty steps were made for camp, where, three hours later, breakfast and dinner, both in one, of moose steak, bread, coffee, and potatoes, were eaten with an eagerness and satisfaction never experienced before by any of us. After dinner came the pipes and an hour's rest, and then all four put back to the scene of the morning's conquest, to bring into camp the head and hide as trophies. Three of us did this with ease, while the fourth brought another load of the better parts of the animal, leaving the balance for the abounding timber wolves.

The remainder of our stay in the woods resulted in the capture of a sleek, fat doe. Two nights were spent on the shores of a neighboring lake in trying to bring down another moose, but without success, none having appeared at the feeding-grounds. It is said to be a fact that, after the blood of one of their number is spilled, all the other moose for miles around will leave the country for safer quarters. However true this may be, we did not see a single other moose during our stay in that locality.

When our ten days were up, we with reluctance packed our belongings, hired a couple of passing Indians to carry our meat to the station, and were soon rushing along towards civilization, each repaid a hundred-fold for the hardships and fatigues which we had necessarily been subjected to. Now, after several months, as I write with my feet softly cushioned upon the well-tanned moose-hide rug, with the huge head looking down upon me as its immense antlers bear my rifle upon the opposite wall, the desire to again plunge into the forest depths possesses me with unresisting force. And there is but one solution for the problem. I shall go.

THE EVENING HOUR.

It is in the stillness of evening's hour—
The day has died from the graying sky.
A restless breath through the leaves whispers by—
The dew is settling over the flower.

The dismal cry of an owl sounds far
From a somber wood, through the dusky air.
I see o'er the trees half a moon's red glare,
And catch the glance of a glimmering star.

The voices of day are hushed and still.
As the sun—to sleep in the crimson West,
So the herds have sunk to their night-time rest,
And lie in the pastures o'er valley and hill.

As the dusk falls down through the still twilight,
A sadness steals over my weary heart;
The thoughts and cares of the day depart;
While the world grows calm in the arms of Night.

Lincoln, Neb. *J. A. EDGERTON.*



BOUND HOMeward, CARRYING THE GAME FROM THE CAMP TO THE RAILWAY STATION.



A Billy-Goat Shepherd.

Mike Hublitz's billy-goat had a bloody contest with two large prairie wolves a few days since, and, although his goatship succeeded in beating the wolves off, he came out of the contest looking as if he had been soused in a tub of blood; his ears were torn, and his neck and flanks were badly lacerated. In the course of a spirited argument between the same billy and a large shepherd dog recently, the goat killed his antagonist without much effort.—*Harlem (N. D.) New Era.*

Hunting Pacific Coast Sea-Lions.

Captain J. R. Mullett, of New York, accompanied by his wife, was in Albany, Ore., recently. His business-card sets forth that he is "the only man who makes a business of catching sea-lions and sending them all over the world."

He is after one hundred lions, and is going to secure them regardless of price. He has heard about the seal rocks, and intends to make a haul there. The sea-lions gather around at this season of the year to prey on the salmon entering the streams, devouring many of the favorite fish. Captain Mullett will purchase two tons of smelt and freeze them, and will feed his housed, but untamed, water monarchs with them during their shipment across the continent.

He expects to lasso most of his lions at night. For this purpose he uses an electric light and a steam launch, and, as any one who has seen a sea-lion can imagine, it is quite a trick to catch one, and something more of a job to handle one after you get the lasso around his ferocious body. A full-grown sea-lion is about as large as a Clydesdale horse, and sets a pace like a torpedo boat chasing sunbeams; so one can get a mind's-eye view of the joyful sport it is to successfully land one without mishap.—*The Dalles (Ore.) Times-Mountaineer.*

Old Days in an Idaho Town.

In speaking of the great improvements that have taken place in Lewiston, Id., since the Northern Pacific extended its line to that town, a correspondent says that in order to make way for this progress many of the old landmarks are disappearing, to be replaced with more substantial and imposing structures. Some of them are relics of the palmy days of the sixties, when Lewiston, as the outfitting point for the Pierce City, Warren's, Dixie, and Florence mining-camps, throbbed with excitement as the returning miners from these rich fields came in with plenty of dust to winter. In the ruins of one of these buildings, only recently torn down, an old counter salesbook was found that recorded the business of a pioneer merchant, as follows:

"Sold to John ——, one sack flour \$8, one pound tea \$3, one can oysters \$1.25."

Other goods were sold correspondingly, and some days the amount of sales would reach a figure that would make the merchant of today smile with satisfaction.

"Those were money-making days," said one old-timer, "and of course we had exciting times dealing with the tough element at-

tracted to the section by the opportunities to hold up the returning miner with his gold-dust. Lewiston was the scene of several hangings for such work. The man in business in those days had to do considerable hustling on account of the long distance to freight, and there were those who were successful from a financial standpoint, a factor that has contributed largely toward making Lewiston a town of wealth and independent of outside capital in making improvements.

Pierce City was the objective point for the outfitters who were excited over the discovery of rich placer ground along Orofino Creek. The trade that was received from these prosperous districts made Lewiston, and to this day it is the wintering place of a large number of these miners, who prospect and mine during the summer season."

The Early Days of Manitoba.

Eighteen years ago, when the writer stopped the tired oxen and pitched a tent on the homeless prairie a few miles south of Cypress River, the whole country was rich with material for the journalist, the naturalist, and the explorer, for the beautiful district was then quite unoccupied by man, a pleasing wildness rested on the blooming landscape, and every grove was white with blossoms. The first roses of the season were just opening, and many flowers, on which the eye of man had never looked, blushed and bloomed amongst the untrodden grass.

Birds of unknown varieties and of hitherto unheard song were everywhere among the bushes, and made the early morning glorious with their music. Beautiful deer, of a species such as the writer had never seen before, peopled the shade or showed their graceful forms amid the verdure of the plain, as the rays of the rising sun brightened the dewy grass. The wild black moose moved among the wooded hills, undisturbed in his native solitudes. Magnificent elk, sometimes accompanied by their fawns, came down the green slopes from the trees and scrub to claim acquaintance with the red oxen, which were mistaken for wild animals—the astonished elk evidently wondering what description of deer these were that had no prongs on their horns.

We still remember, with a feeling akin to affection, the brown bear that insisted on cooling himself in the clear water of the spring beside the creek. There were rifles in the tent, but the beautiful animals were not disturbed, but were admired as objects of interest that were in perfect keeping with the silence and wildness which surrounded them. It was with a strange feeling that the first cow-bell was heard, for the sound told of the arrival of another settler, and showed that the spirit of wildness, which proved so pleasing, was preparing to depart from the Western prairie.

The construction of railways, the formation of towns, and grain elevators; the establishment of stores, mills, and newspapers, show the satisfactory advancement that has been made; but it is doubtful if even the most prosperous are much happier than they were when primeval wildness rested on the beautiful wilderness in which the early settlers pitched their tents and kindled their first fires nearly twenty years ago.—*Cypress River (Man.) Western Prairie.*

How He Made Converts.

In the interests of Christianity and to raise money for his missionary work, says one who writes from Belle Fourche, S. D., the Rev. Cyrus Escomb, a traveling evangelist of the Dunker faith, participated in three prize-fights here of two, four, and seven rounds respectively. In each fight he was victorious, and with every

victory he saved, or thinks he saved, a soul.

The Reverend Escomb has been holding revivals at the various cattle-camps in this section for nearly a year. About the middle of January he came to Belle Fourche. The citizens received him kindly, but the cow-punchers from the neighboring ranges, concerning whose spiritual welfare he was especially solicitous, were not interested in religion.

His opportunity came in an unexpected way. "Chuck" Perkins, foreman on the "Star V" ranch, had been kicked by a vicious bronco and was indulging in considerable profanity. Mr. Escomb overheard and rebuked him. "Chuck" instantly became abusive. The minister, nervous and irritable from his long, uphill struggle with the cattlemen, threatened him with a whipping.

"Lick me," said "Chuck" impressively, "and I'll jine yer church!"

"Big Mike" Crane, another of the "Star V" gang, and Charles Ranson, a local tough and bully, heard the conversation and "wanted in" in the game on the same terms. It was Crane who suggested a cash donation of \$25 in aid of the clergyman's work of evangelization for each fight he won.

It was probably the clerical cut of the pastor's garments, rather than anything in his appearance, that made the men so confident; for, when they came to strip, they could not help noticing that he was decidedly in the heavyweight class, and so they picked their best fighter to meet him first.

Crane was their selection. The fight was fought in a corral outside of town, where there was no danger of interruption. A big crowd gathered to watch the result. Not much skill was displayed, but what the contestants lacked in science they made up in strength, courage, and determination. To every one's astonishment, the Rev. Mr. Escomb forced the fighting from the start. Crane held his own during the first and second rounds, but came up groggy in the third, and was ignominiously knocked out in the fourth round.

Ranson made a better showing. He lasted seven rounds, and mauled his antagonist severely. The latter won more by sheer endurance and indifference to punishment than by superior skill. Ranson entered the ring at the beginning of the seventh round badly blown and much annoyed by the flow of blood from a cut over the eye. The Reverend Escomb saw his advantage and, availing himself of his superior weight and reach, rushed his man rapidly about the ring, beat down his guards by pure force of muscle, and finally landed a blow on his jaw, under which he went down and was unable to regain his feet.

Perkins confessed himself beaten before he began fighting, and devoted most of his time to dodging the reverend gentleman's sledge-hammer fists. The latter was considerably battered, but Perkins, who had at first considered himself sure of victory, completely lost his nerve when he saw Crane and Ranson fall, and would, as he afterward admitted, have kept out of the ring altogether had he been able to do so creditably. He went out after two easy rounds.

Mr. Escomb held his men strictly to their agreement, and all promptly paid their money and professed Christianity. Perkins and Crane took their defeat in excellent part, and the minister expresses all confidence in their conversion, despite the unusual manner in which it was effected. Ranson is sullen and dissatisfied. He claims that the clergyman fouled him, and it is doubtful if he will make a valuable addition to the evangelist's flock.

The latter is an old Vermonter, passed his boyhood on a farm, spent several years in the

Wisconsin lumber-camps, and bore the reputation in his youth of being an almost invincible rough-and-tumble fighter.

Feasting Beside a Grave.

Five men sat around a freshly-made grave in a Seattle cemetery a day or two ago, and feasted royally. They were not cannibals, nor were they members of any anti-superstition society.

They were tramps, or hobos, as the vagrants and vagabonds who wander over the earth are sometimes called, and how they got their feast is the story.

Ten years ago a Chinaman, known to almost every pioneer business man in Seattle, retired from active mercantile life and went home to China. Let us call him Wong Yen, for he still lives here, is bowed down in sorrow, and his true name would add but little interest to this tale. When Wong Yen went back to China he was a rich man in this world's goods, as the white man reckons wealth, and was consequently a millionaire in his native land. Wong Yen left here two wives, both "big-foot" women, and the real object of his visit to China was to secure for himself a "little-foot" wife; for it is known to those who do not know, that Chinese women are graded in their standing in society, not by their beautiful faces or bright eyes, nor yet by their wealth of hair, woman's crown of glory, but by the size of their feet, and Wong Yen, beyond a doubt, had in mind his "little-foot" wife to be purchased when he bought his two big-foot wives. This is a reasonable supposition, because it is well known that a true little-foot Chinese woman, one of the high class, is unable to walk alone and must be supported wherever she moves by a pair of human crutches, which are usually furnished, as in Wong Yen's case, by women of the lower order, married for that purpose. Because, with the Chinese, marriage in their own country, and even in this, is a matter of purchase.

At any rate, Wong Yen returned from China with a little-foot wife. How he landed a woman that could not walk and had never been in this country is another story; but, suffice it to say, Wong Yen was rich and influential in the Northwest, as he is today, and he landed his wife.

Her name was Ting Lee, and when she was safely housed in Seattle's Chinatown, Wong Yen gave a banquet to all the merchants, and Ting Lee sat beside him on his couch and filled his opium-pipe as often as her lord and master wished. She was a pretty woman, as Chinese women go, and had all the accomplishments of a "little foot." Of course, the big-foot wives supported her on either side as she moved about the house or on the street. In fact, she could not walk without their support; and, in addition to their duties as crutches, the big-foot wives did all the work of the household, even to feeding Ting Lee, in order that her fingernails, over an inch in length, should not be broken.

But Ting Lee sickened. The Chinese doctor placed the paper image of her household god beside her bed, and punk-sticks were kept ever burning before it. He gave her powdered beetles mixed with herbs and frog's-skin, but she died.

Wong Yen mourned sincerely, for he loved Ting Lee, even though he had bought her and had money enough left to buy, not one, but twenty little-foot wives. As the restaurants had been called upon to aid in the celebration of Ting Lee's wedding, they were now called upon to aid in her funeral.

Wong Yen was not stingy with the dead wife. He hired twenty mourners, two bands of music, bought a double amount of punk and papers, and had roasted for Ting Lee on her

journey to the heaven of Confucius two hogs, five ducks, ten chickens, together with the roasted entrails, fowls' heads and feet, and scores of other delicacies the Chinese gourmet loves.

And then Ting Lee was carted away to lie in a grave until the flesh had decayed from her bones, when they would be disinterred and returned to the holy ground in China. Her funeral was gorgeous—the mourners in red and in white—the bands were there, and all the hacks in the city; but, leading all, was the express-wagon containing the funeral meats and driven by an Irishman smoking a pipe that was worse than the burning punk.

The gorgeous funeral pageant moved toward the cemetery, and a breeze caught the aroma of the baked meats and wafted it to the water front.

Hungry Hank Wilson was sitting under the edge of a shed, out of the rain, and telling four companions how he had "hooboed" it from St. Paul to Seattle on a passenger-train. Hungry Hank is an ideal vagabond. He wouldn't sweep shadows off benches in the park at 85 an hour. The police all know him and rate him simply as a man who won't work, in the chain-gang

mourners. They knew too much for that, but they waited close at hand while the Irishman who drove the express-wagon put down his load and, under his breath, cursed the "haythen" and then crossed himself, took his money, and drove away.

The ceremonies at the grave were brief. A dead Chinese is "deader" to his own race than to any other, and as soon as the punk-sticks had been planted and lighted, and the roast pigs and ducks and the candied coconut and the watermelon-seeds had been properly placed, Wong Yen and his hired mourners hurried away, leaving little-foot Ting Lee to make her long journey, satisfied that she would be well fed on the way.

Hardly had the last hack disappeared, when Hank led his band toward the grave.

"Get a move on," said one of his companions; "there's a lot of Chinese beggars over there waitin'."

"Huh!" said Hank; "you're dead green on a Chinese job. Them fellers wouldn't touch a chicken while them punks is burnin'. We's got lots of time, but wot worries me partic'lar is how we's goin' to take care of this here manna, which was sent to us, not from heaven, but on



A CAMPING PARTY ON THE PICTURESQUE SHORES OF LAKE OF THE WOODS, IN
ONTARIO, CANADA.

or out of it. But Hungry Hank is not a menace to society, other than possessing a voracious appetite. He will not steal, nor will he consort with thieves; and more than one thief has found his way to jail through information furnished by him. But when it comes to "bumming" grub, there is no man in or out of the State that can touch Hank; and thus it was that when the breeze wafted the aroma of the funeral-meats of poor little-foot Ting Lee to the water front, Hungry Hank caught the first whiff. He straightened up, took another whiff, and then literally jumped from his seat, a performance that astounded his companions.

"Hully Gee! A Chinese funeral, sure! Come on! Come on!"

And Hank made a bee-line up-town until he located the procession by the screech of the bands; and then the five followed on behind,—not behind the hearse, but behind the wagon with the roasted pigs,—and at every step the savory odors of the funeral meats whetted their appetites.

When the cemetery was reached, Hank and his companions made no move to join the

the way there. We's can't eat it all to wunst."

"We kin try," said another; and that settled it. Seated around the grave of Ting Lee, the five ate their fill, jesting and laughing, and even philosophizing upon the wisdom which made one man's religion furnish another man's food.

Ting Lee, if mentioned, was considered only as a means to the end which had furnished the feast. No thought of the little woman, crippled from birth by the custom of her country, who died far away from all she loved. No thought of her days of slavery as the chattel of the man who spent more money to bury her than he had ever spent to give her pleasure while she lived. No thought of death for themselves, sometime, somewhere, somehow. They sat and ate their fill; and then, "borrowing" two barrels from a neighboring house, they carried the remains of the feast to the wharf—for future repasts.

"Shall we take these un's?" asked a tramp of Hank, pointing to the choice Chinese delicacies of chickens' heads and entrails, ducks' feet and dried fish.

"Naw," said Hank; "we're civilized, we are. Leave them things fur her to eat goin' over."

IN THE MINING DISTRICTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. Rose.

The mineral region of British Columbia is a part of that great mineral belt which extends from the international boundary line northward over twelve hundred miles to the rich Yukon Valley in Canada and Alaska—probably extending still northward to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Gold, silver, copper, lead, cinnabar, platinum, coal, and iron have already been found in vast quantities, and there are indications of other precious metals in large bodies. The entire Province seems underlaid with minerals, and no man can now say what the discoveries of the very near future may be.

The total mineral production of British Columbia to January, 1898, had been over \$110,000,000. The total product of the lode mining in 1891 was \$29,607, while in 1897 it was about eight million dollars. This is now constantly increasing, while the product of placer mines is rapidly increasing also, as a result of the opening of the Atlin and other great placer-fields in the northern part of the Province. Of the lode mines, those of the Slocan and Kootenay districts are by far the most extensive and best developed.

Access to these fields from Canadian territory is either over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Revelstoke, thence over the branch lines of railway and by steamer, or over the Crow's Nest Pass Division of the same line, via Lethbridge or Calgary. To the tourist and sportsman, as well as to the miner and the business man, this trip offers attractions not excelled on the American Continent. The scenery is grand beyond description, game abounds in the mountains, and in the waters are trout and grayling of the gamiest kind. The great Columbia River, rising in a series of lakes, flows steadily in a northwest direction and is first crossed by the Canadian Pacific at Donald. This northwest course is continued for probably two hundred miles, when it suddenly swings round the northern end of the Selkirk Mountains, sharply to the south, and continues this general course for several hundred miles to and beyond the international boundary line. In its southern course it is again crossed by the Canadian Pacific at Revelstoke. The territory inclosed north of the C. P. R. is known as the Great Bend Country, and is destined to become a great mining section, hydraulic mining, as well as quartz mines, being already in successful operation.

Next, to the southward, come the Lardeau and Trout Lake countries, both rich in minerals, and only waiting for transportation facilities to become large producers of silver, lead, gold, and copper. These facilities are to be afforded during the coming season, as both the C. P. R. and the Great Northern are surveying lines and preparing to build. South of this lies the great Slocan Country, with its silver-lead mines; and to the eastward of it is the Ainsworth and Fort Steele Country, bounded on the east by the Upper Kootenay River, and on the west by Kootenay Lake. Then, still to the south, comes the world-famed Kootenay Country, divided into East and West Kootenay, and composed of the Nelson, Trail Creek, and Goat River mining districts. To the west of these lies the

rapidly developing Kettle River or Boundary Country, through which the Canadian Pacific is now building a branch railway, which will give a much needed outlet for its rich ores. All these sections are bounded on the south by the international line, the States passing inward from the Coast being Washington, Idaho, and Montana, all great mineral producing States.

Revelstoke is on the main line of the C. P. R., 2,527 miles west from Montreal and 379 miles east of Vancouver. Leaving Revelstoke in the morning, over the branch line, one is soon speeding along the eastern bank of the Columbia, with the Selkirks close at hand; while across the river looms the Columbia or Gold Range, with its snow-capped summits now right ahead, now behind us, as we sweep round the sudden curves. A run of twenty-eight miles brings us to Arrowhead, at the head of Upper Arrow Lake, where we are transferred to the elegant C. P. R. lake steamer Rossland. She makes the trip from Arrowhead to Robson, at the foot of the Arrow Lakes, 165 miles, every second day, alternating with the Kootenay, a steamer of similar construction, thus making a daily service, Sunday excepted.

The Arrow Lakes, Upper and Lower, are expansions of the Columbia River, and extend for 165 miles from north to south. They are of an average width of three to five miles. The scenery along their shores is grand in the extreme. The waters are clear and sparkling, and fish of large size lurk in their depths. Eleven miles below Arrowhead, on the eastern shore, is Halcyon Springs, a health and pleasure resort, with its large hotel and bath-houses perched on the side of the mountain. Fifty-two miles farther bring us to Nakusp, where we leave the steamer, as we are to go via the Slocan Lake route. Boarding a train on the Nakusp and Slocan branch, we are soon climbing the mountain. As we swing round a curve high among the trees, we see the steamer fast disappearing on her trip down the lake—the white steamer, the bright sunshine, the sparkling waters, and the peaks of the gold range athwart the western sky, making a beautiful picture. Still climbing, we finally reach the summit, where the line traverses the shore of a pretty mountain lake known as Summit Lake. Soon we begin to descend, and after a run of

twenty-eight miles the first view of Slocan Lake bursts upon our astonished vision. Many scenes of natural beauty have we beheld, but none can excel, and few equal, the exquisite charm of this first glimpse of the lake from the mountaintop. To the right the vast bulk of Valhalla Mountain towers forbiddingly aloft; while to the left, Slocan and Silver mountains are bathed in the golden glory of the late afternoon. Nestling almost at one's feet is the pretty town of New Denver, while to the south, where that violet haze hangs over Red Mountain, and where the lake seems to end, is Silverton. The foliage of the mountainsides is a kaleidoscope of shifting color, and the whole is a panorama of beauty never to be forgotten.

The shrill whistle of the engine recalls us, and we soon come to a stop at Roseberry, where we are transferred to the comfortable Steamer Slocan and, after a short run of four miles, are landed at New Denver. Here we find a very comfortable hotel, the Newmarket, on high ground overlooking the lake, and commanding a fine view of the great Lowery Glacier, which lies in its cold solitude twelve thousand feet above sea-level on Valhalla Mountain. Slocan Lake has an altitude of 1,750 feet, and New Denver is fifty feet above the lake. Though a new town, there are many pleasant and handsome homes, and it is destined to be the residence town of the Slocan. There is now a population of about 1,200. As a mining center the town is rapidly advancing, a number of most excellent mining properties being located in this vicinity and in a good state of development. The town has a fine reputation, and is attracting favorable attention from abroad.

Four miles below New Denver is Silverton, another mining center—a pleasant town of 800 people. It is beautifully situated on a lovely bay, sheltered by high mountains. The Selkirk Hotel is located a few steps from the wharf, and will be found homelike in every way. The scenery is superb. A row across the lake to the canyon and cascades is a delightful experience. Slocan Lake has a charm and a mystery all its own. The water is clear as crystal, and one seems floating in air while drifting on its placid surface, looking down at the bottom far below, where every object is plainly visible. Its waters are two hundred to six hundred feet deep; in fact, no accurate soundings have been made in the deepest parts.

Silverton is an important shipping point and a pleasant residence town. It is in the heart of a fine mining region, and all about it are very valuable propositions.

Next morning we again boarded the steamer Slocan and proceeded southward to Slocan City, twenty-seven miles, at the foot of Slocan Lake. The scenery on this part of the trip is very fine, the high mountain ranges continuing on both sides of the lake. Slocan City is at the foot of the lake, and at the head of Slocan River, which is the outlet for the lake. The



"Slocan Lake has an altitude of 1,750 feet, and New Denver is fifty feet above the lake. There is now a population of about 1,200, and it is destined to be the residence town of the Slocan."



COLUMBIA AVENUE, ROSSLAND, B. C.

"Rossland is in the center of the Trail Creek mining district. It has about 8,000 people, and occupies three flats or benches on a mountain, with higher mountains rising on all sides."

town is well located on a broad flat between the river and Springer Creek, with high mountains to the east and west. In a mining way there are many fine prospects, and a few shipping mines. The chief difficulty, however, has been the lack of good wagon-roads, and the necessary capital for development. The time is not distant when these will be provided, and then this will become a great producing camp. To practical men with capital, this offers a tempting field, as the properties have not yet reached fancy prices. The town has about 800 people, and the Hotel Arlington, at the wharf, will be found a pleasant stopping place.

From here we take the Columbia and Kootenay division of the C. P. R., stopping at Lemon Creek Station to visit the mines, to spend a day amid the magnificent scenery, and to fish for trout in Lemon Creek and in the rapids of the Slocan River. Lemon Creek Station consists of a general store, a half-dozen houses, and a saw-mill. The greatest sociability exists. Everyone goes fishing; trout are as common as mosquitoes in Klondike. Grasshoppers are the favorite bait, and the ladies have an original method of catching them with a broom, which is extremely funny to the spectator, but not so funny to the grasshopper.

Bidding farewell to our friends, and particularly to little Robbie, our four-year-old guide, we again board the train and, after a run of forty-three miles, most of the time following the Slocan River as it winds in and out among the mountains, we arrive at Slocan Junction, where the river empties into the Lower Kootenay River. Here the line connects with the road from Nelson to Rossland. At Slocan Junction there is a comfortable hotel. The scenery is grand, and the fishing unexcelled. For several miles the Lower Kootenay River

descends in a succession of falls and foaming rapids. Bonnington Falls, consisting of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Fall, having a combined height of 180 feet, over which the river, 400 feet wide, pours with a thunderous roar, is one of the finest series of cataracts on the continent. Lower Fall is just back of the station, while Middle Fall is a half-mile higher, and Upper Fall is a short distance above this. At Middle Fall this great body of water plunges over a granite cliff, making a sheer fall of sixty feet. A cloud of white mist constantly hangs over this boiling caldron, while the river below is one mass of white foam. Great mountains lift their crowns of snow skyward on every hand. Standing here, one may count fourteen colossal peaks in view at one time, rising to a height of three to four thousand feet, their sides heavily timbered. This is a sportsman's paradise. The waters abound in rainbow trout, weighing from a pound upward, and there are no mosquitoes or black flies; while bear, and other large game are plentiful in the mountains.

For the convenience of fishing-and hunting-parties visiting this region, the Canadian Pacific Company has provided a number of comfortable fishing-camps along the river, at which all trains stop on signal. The houses in these camps are built of wood, and have sleeping accommodations for four people or for eight, if provided with a tent. Bedding and all camp equipment may be hired from the company's agent at Nelson, or by wire from any point on the line, and every convenience possible is supplied to render the stay of tourists and sportsmen pleasant. Such surroundings! No pen, camera, or brush can convey an adequate idea of the sublime beauty and grandeur of these wonderful mountains. One must live among them, and study their varied moods; watch the

glory of the sunlight on their dazzling snows and glaciers; climb their dizzy heights—breathe the cold, pure air of their summits; train the eyes to measure their splintered pinnacles and deep canyons; hear the awful voice of the storm king echo from crag to crag; see the terrible avalanche, which sweeps everything from its path; and brace himself, with all his strength, against the fierce winds which would sweep him from the narrow ledge to sure destruction thousands of feet below. Then one should study them in their milder moods, when the soft blue haze settles on their rugged slopes, and the feathery clouds half hide their towering summits; when the sighing of the wind through the dark cedars, firs, and pines lulls one to repose, while the witch of the mountain seems to beckon ever onward to fountains of eternal youth, where wild flowers strew the pathway, and the most delicate fern-growths lurk in the cool shadows of the forest. Thus, day by day, one grows to appreciate the witchery of the mountains, their terrible grandeur, and their fairylike beauty.

Here at the Middle Falls are situated the large power-house and ponderous machinery of the West Kootenay Power and Light Company, of Rossland, which is furnishing both light and power for that city, these agencies being transmitted over a pole line thirty miles across the mountains. This is one of the largest plants in the West. The plans contemplate the ultimate use of the entire power from the three falls, which will be about sixty thousand horsepower. Middle Fall, now developing twenty thousand power, is supplied with two Victor turbines directly connected to two 725 K. W. generators of the revolving field type; voltage is taken from the generators at 1,000 and stepped up to 20,000 volts, at which it is transmitted



RAPIDS AND UPPER FALLS IN KOOTENAY RIVER, B. C.

"Bonnington Falls, consisting of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Falls, having a combined height of 180 feet, over which the river, 40 feet wide, pours with a thunderous roar, is one of the finest series of cataracts on the continent."

over the high tension line to the sub-station in Rossland, where it is stepped down to 2,000 volts for general distribution. Visitors to Slocan Junction will find a few hours spent in examining this great electric plant very interesting indeed.

Boarding a train on the Nelson and Rossland branch of the C. P. R., we follow the west bank of the Kootenay River in its devious windings to its junction with the Columbia River at Robson. This is a new town destined to be of much importance, as it is the initial point of the new Robson and Penticton branch of the Canadian Pacific, which will give direct railway connection with the rich mining and agricultural sections of the Boundary and Kettle River districts, and which is now under rapid construction. This line will also complete the link between the Kootenay transportation system and the Penticton and Okanagan system of the C. P. R., which connects with the main line at Sicamous Junction. Robson is also the terminal for the steamers of the company from Arrowhead down to Arrow Lakes, 165 miles.

Crossing the broad Columbia on a comfortable ferry steamer, we board the train again and are soon on our way to Trail. This is a town of some 2,500 population. In 1894 the site of the town was a part of the wilderness, but now it is a place of bustling activity. It is located in a flat fronted by the Columbia River and encircled on three other sides by high mountains. Here, perched on a high plateau, is the great smelter now owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Its purchase price, and the extensive improvements made by the company, which have just been completed, represent an investment of \$400,000, and the smelter is capable of handling 700 tons of ore daily. The equipment consists of lead sampling works; sampler for treating the copper ores of the Rossland camp; three copper furnaces; two reverberating furnaces for reducing the matte produced by the blasts; one lead furnace; two mechanical roasting furnaces for copper ores; six mechanical roasting furnaces for lead ores; forty-eight large roasting stalls for copper ores; and two hand roasters for either class of ores. In addition, complete refineries are to be built where the lead bullion

and copper matte can be converted into virgin gold, silver, lead, and copper.

The company has adopted a very liberal policy since acquiring this property, aiming to place as low a price as possible upon the treatment of ores, in order to encourage the development of the mines of the country, rather than to make an undue profit from smelting, which is but one of the many industries which it conducts. Now that the coal and coke from the great Crow's Nest Pass mines are available at about half the cost of these commodities formerly, a still further reduction in the price of smelting will undoubtedly be made. It is the intention of the company, as soon as the East Kootenay and Boundary countries have reached a stage of development which will warrant the expenditure, to erect large reduction works in those districts, and a large refinery at some central point, where the lead bullion and matte produced at these smelters can be converted into the virgin metals.

On taking the train for the next stage of our journey, we had the unique experience of riding in what was once the private car of the great Mormon leader, Brigham Young. The car is still furnished in much its original style, and it brought up vivid recollections of the times when every man's hand was raised against the Latter Day Saints, the echoes of which warfare have not yet died. Upon arrival at our destination, we almost expected to meet a large concourse of juveniles with "welcome home" for Dad, while numerous wives of our "bosom" pulled hair as to which should be first to embrace the returning prodigal. But the only voice which greeted us was that of the leather-hinged hackman and hotel runner, which brought us back to the present with a shock which nearly loosened our front teeth.

We had arrived at the Mecca of the lode miner,

ROSSLAND,

in the center of the Trail Creek mining district. The distance from Trail to Rossland is seven miles by stage, but it is thirteen by the railway, and part of this is up a railway ladder known as a switchback. The whole distance is a steady climb, Rossland being at an elevation of about eight thousand feet.

The city occupies three flats or benches on a mountain, with higher mountains rising on all sides. The air is dry and pure, and the climate healthful. In July and August the thermometer sometimes mounts to 90 or 100 degrees in the shade; but the nights are always cool, and one sleeps under a blanket the year round. There is usually snow from November to April, and it often attains a depth of five feet. The thermometer rarely goes as low as zero in the winter, though the past winter has been an exception.

The town site was located by Ross Thompson, known as the "Father of Rossland," in 1891, and the first sale of lots took place in 1895. From that time the growth has been rapid, until today the town contains about 8,000 people. In 1897 the city was incorporated, since which time \$100,000 has been expended in public improvements. Five miles of streets have been graded, ten miles of sidewalks have been laid, and a sewerage system has been constructed. There is a good system of electric lighting, not only in the city, but extending to the mines in the vicinity, the power being furnished by the plant of the West Kootenay Power and Light Company at Bonnington Falls, already mentioned. A good waterworks system draws the purest water from the mountains, while the telephone system connects all parts of the city and the mines, and through its long distance wires connects with nearly all the cities of the Pacific Coast. The assessed value of real and personal property within the corporate limits is \$1,500,000, while there is an indebtedness of \$100,000, running twenty-five years and drawing interest at five to five and one-half per cent. There are two daily and three weekly newspapers, all very creditable. Among the public buildings may be mentioned the new Provincial court-house, two fine new bank buildings, the Rossland Club's new building, the new C. P. R. station, a handsome new school building, and a smaller four-room school. About 500 pupils are enrolled in the public schools, and the leading church denominations are represented. Three chartered banks—the Bank of British North America, the Bank of Montreal, and the Merchants Bank of Halifax, with a combined capital of \$27,000,000, furnish ample financial resources. Transportation facilities are supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway and by the Red Mountain Railway, now a part of the Great Northern Railway system.

But it is the mining industry which overshadows all other interests, and upon which all other interests depend. The mines are exceptionally well located for economical work. Railway sidings can reach nearly all the properties, and, since electric power is now available, it has cut the expense of getting out ore about one-half over the steam-power formerly used. The rock is very hard, a comparatively small amount of timbering is necessary, and little water enters the mines—thus obviating the use of costly pumping-plants. The mines are situated in an area of eruptive rock with a center core of gabbro surrounded by uralite porphyrite. This is traversed by fissures carrying the gold- and silver-bearing pyrrhotite, chalcopyrite, and quartz. These ore bodies are wide and apparently continuous, the veins widening as depth is reached; some have run as high as forty to sixty-six feet in width. The average values in gold, silver, and copper combined are \$32 per ton.

At present the leading shipping mines are Le Roi, War Eagle, Center Star, Poorman, Iron Mask, Cliff, Velvet, Monte Cristo, Sunset No. 2, Deer Park, and Giant. A number of other mines are being worked, and the list of mines shipping ore is constantly increasing. Over three thousand tons of ore is being ship-

ped from the mines of Rossland every week, the value of which is over \$90,000; and the monthly pay-roll is over \$100,000.

As showing the prospective value of developed mines in this great camp, the controlling interest in the famous LeRoi mine recently sold for over \$3,000,000, while the Center Star was sold to Toronto parties for \$2,000,000. This, however, is not a poor man's country, as it requires \$25,000 to \$150,000 to develop even a good mine into paying property. Electro-chemical ore-reduction works have been constructed near the city, which will enable the low-grade ores, carrying as low as five dollars per ton, to be worked at a profit. The deepest mines are now working at a depth of 700 to 800 feet.

Again boarding a train on the C. P. R., we are soon rapidly descending the mountains, through Trail and on to Robson, where we re-cross the Columbia. Crossing the Kootenay River at Kootenay Bridge, we are soon running along the shore of Kootenay Lake. The moonlight shimmers on the rippling surface, and touches the great mountain wall with an eth-

would do credit to any city; and the hotel accommodations are equal, in everything conducing to the comfort of the traveler, to a town of twice the size. There are one daily and three weekly newspapers, a fine waterworks system, electric lights, and construction is begun on a system of sewerage. There are first-class free schools, churches of the leading denominations, and three hospitals—one public and two private.

This is the distributing point for a wide area, and is destined to be the wholesale and manufacturing center for interior British Columbia. Among the manufacturing interests may be mentioned two saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 60,000 feet of lumber daily; a brewery, with a capacity of 8,000 barrels per year; the Nelson Soda-water Factory; the Kootenay Brick and Lime Company, with capacity for three million brick annually from their new plant, and the Nelson Iron Works, manufacturing engines, boilers, and mining machinery. The Hall Mines Smelter is the largest industrial enterprise. It has a capacity of 350 tons of ore daily, and employs 250 men. An aerial tramway con-

the lake, while steamers of the International Navigation Company ply to lake points and to Bonners Ferry.

This is official headquarters for the Nelson Mining District, the governmental offices being located here. While not so exclusively a mining town as the others mentioned, mining is already an important industry, and is destined to constantly increase as the many fine prospects now being discovered are opened and developed. Tributary to Nelson are many mines, all of which are now being worked, these mines being principally in granite, diorite or slate, and are gold, silver, and copper properties, with some free-milling gold ore. With untold wealth in her mountains, cheap coal and coke, the center of a far-reaching transportation system, giving her direct connection with the markets of Eastern Canada, with the Pacific Coast on the west, and with the United States on the south, and with the entire local territory of the Kootenays, and, above all, progressive citizens working for her best interests, Nelson should be assured of a bright future.



NELSON, COMMERCIAL CENTER OF WEST KOOTENAY, B. C.

"A handsome little city of five thousand population, charmingly situated in an amphitheater with an arm of Kootenay Lake on one side and a great semicircle of mountains on the other side. The lake at this point is about two miles wide."

rial radiance. After a while electric lights twinkle in the distance—we round a curve—the mountains seem to recede—we are in a vast amphitheater—the whistle wakes the echoes of the everlasting hills, and we come to a stop at

NELSON,
the commercial metropolis of West Kootenay. Nelson is a handsome little city of five thousand population, charmingly situated in an amphitheater with an arm of Kootenay Lake on one side and a great semicircle of mountains on the other side. The town has filled the level space along the lake, which is the business section, and is spreading up the mountains. Across the lake, which is here about two miles wide, the mountains rise in a great wall, peak on peak as far as the eye can reach. It is a pleasant surprise to one who expects to find a raw mining town of shacks, hastily built. Though but eight years old, the buildings

connects the smelter with the Silver King mine, four miles away on Toad Mountain.

The transportation system of the West Kootenay Country converges at Nelson. The Canadian Pacific has three branches centering here—the Columbia and Kootenay connecting with Slocan Lake; the Columbia & Western from Rossland and Trail, connecting with steamers on Arrow Lakes; and the Crow's Nest Pass division, completed last fall, and bringing the fine coal and coke of the Crow's Nest Pass to the doors of smelters and factories. Connection is had with the railway system of the United States by the Nelson and Fort Shepard Railway, reaching southward to Spokane in connection with the Spokane Falls and Northern. Two lines of steamers connect Nelson with all points on Kootenay Lake, and with Bonners Ferry in Idaho. The Canadian Pacific operates a line of handsome steamers on

Among the new building operations for the present season is a fine business house in course of construction by the Hudson's Bay Company. Handsome church buildings of stone are being erected by the Church of England and by the Roman Catholics. Many residences, warehouses, and business buildings are also under way or planned, and the building season of '99 will be especially active.

On a day when the clouds wept and the old mountains were seen through a driving sheet of rain, we boarded the handsome steamer Kokanee, of the C. P. R. fleet, bound for Kaslo. Passing out the west Arm, we enter Kootenay Lake proper and cross to Pilot Bay, where there is another large smelter. Here the lake is about six miles wide, and the wind has kicked up quite a rough sea, which causes the timid ones to feel rather nervous. Landing here for a short time, we again proceed. Night has

closed in, the storm is abating, and before we reach Kaslo, forty-five miles from Nelson, the stars come out and the blue vault above is soon a twinkling expanse of heavenly beauty. Finally electric lights vie with nature's lamps, and we tie up at the wharf in

KASLO.

This is a town of about 2,000 population, beautifully situated on a lovely little bay, and surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. It is connected with Sandon, thirty miles distant, by the Kaslo and Slocan Railway, and with all points on Kootenay Lake,—which, with Kootenay River, is navigable for 160 miles.

Kaslo has churches, a good public school system, graded streets, good hotels, electric light, and an ample supply of pure water. Among the business interests are a saw-mill and an ore-sampling works, where ores are sampled and bought, thus enabling many mine owners of small means to work their mines, realizing on the ore as taken out. There is also a brewery and bottling-works. This is the commercial center of the Whitewater, South Fork, Woodbury Creek, Ainsworth, Campbell Creek, and Duncan mining-camps. As a mining center, Kaslo is destined to play an important role, as many promising prospects are already being opened immediately surrounding the town.

Boarding a train on the Kaslo and Slocan Railway, we are soon way up on the side of the mountains above, overlooking the town and lake. It is a magnificent view—the town, with its cozy homes, its regular streets, its wharves and depot along the lake front at one's feet, the blue waters of the lake stretching far as the eye can reach, and towering above them the serrated heights of the Selkirks, the snow gleaming white on their summits. We round a curve and pass in among the mountains on our steady climb to Sandon. No one visiting this section should fail to make the trip to Sandon over this railway. The mountain scenery is superb, and all along the line is large game and good hunting. At Whitewater we see the neat houses and offices of the Whitewater mine. Soon we are running along the sides of Carpenter's Creek Canyon, and as we round Payne Bluff the creek appears, a narrow thread a thousand feet below the track. So sheer is the mountain wall at this point, that if one were to drop a stone from the car window it would drop to the bottom without striking an obstruction. We pass the Payne mine, whose fame has spread wherever the Slocan is known, and shortly we see the town of Sandon wedged into the canyon, and overflowing up the mountains.

SANDON

is less than four years old. It has a population of 2,000, and is the mining center of the Slocan Country; for we have now doubled back into the home of the silver-lead miner. The town has good hotels, able newspapers, waterworks, electric light, two railways—the Nakusp & Slocan branch of the Canadian Pacific (which company completed a handsome new depot last year), and the Kaslo and Slocan, over which we have just come, and which carries a large tonnage of the rich ore from this camp.

Although the town is built in the canyon, it has an altitude of 3,460 feet, the mountains above it rising to a height of ten to eleven thousand feet above sea-level. The water supply is from two mountain lakes, one 210 feet, and the other 400 feet above the town. The electric light plant is operated by power obtained from the same source. Look for the hotels and business houses, and you will find them in the bottom of the gulch, with Carpenter's Creek tumbling noisily down its rocky bed just in their rear. The churches, schools, and residences are built on terraces cut into the

mountainsides. Mines are in all directions, and the chief topic of conversation is naturally the new strikes being made in the various workings. Two miles up Carpenter's Creek is the town of Cody, where several mines are located. The ore is chiefly silver-lead, and the average value per ton is \$120. Shipments from the Slocan for 1898 were over 17,000 tons, and if the present rate of production is maintained it will be 40,000 tons for 1899, with a probable value of \$5,000,000. In the Sandon mines alone about 1,200 men are employed, the average wage being \$3 per day.

The rawhiding of ore is a curious sight to one who sees it for the first time. When the snow falls in the great mountains, covering the trails which wind their way to the different mines, the ore is packed in small sacks, and these in turn are tied in bundles in rawhides. Horses, mules, or the musical burro, known as a Rocky Mountain canary, are hitched to them, and they are dragged down over the trails to the point of shipment. Trains of pack-horses are also seen toiling their way up the trails, carrying on their backs supplies of all kinds for the mines.

A visit to the concentrators, a ride in a gravity tram-car up the dizzy side of the mountain, crouching low to avoid the snow-sheds, finally coming to a halt at the top; the donning of miners' suits and the following of our guide through the long tunnels in the heart of the mountain, where the air-drills are at work; the delightful tramp down the mountain over the snow, breathing the crisp, bracing air; the vigorous appetite with which we attacked the dinner when once more in the comfortable hotel, are all memories of our visit to Sandon which will long remain with us.

HENO, THE THUNDER-GOD.

Heno is the Thunder-god, roaming over heath and holt;
Heno is a mighty god, who can forge the thunderbolt;
He it is that makes the rain, when he salls his clouds
 along;
He it is that gives us pain—thunder is his only song.
He deals out the chastisement from the day of each
 one's birth;
He deals out the punishment to the wicked of the
 earth.
He is swifter than a colt; in his hands the welkin tear;
Death is in his thunderbolt, when it cleaves the quak-
 ing air.

Heno is the Thunder-god; on his head he wears a
 charm;
Heno is a mighty god, and he fears no earthly harm,
For the feather in his cap is a store of magic skill,
And the basket on his lap holds the rocks that always
 kill.
In the spring the Red men meet, and to Heno give a
 feast;
Then a thousand prayers greet Heno from the West
 and East.
Then comes warmth to Heno's heart, and he looks
 with love below;
Then the seeds are sown, and start, for he causes them
 to grow.

Heno is the Thunder-god, from his hand there comes
 the rain;
Heno is a mighty god, for he waters hill and plain.
Thus the seeds the Red men sow, as by magic fill the
 field;
Heno causes them to grow, gives to them his ample
 shield.
In the fall again they meet, and to Heno give a feast;
Then a thousand prayers greet Heno from the West
 and East—
Thanking Heno for his care, and his kindly, loving
 shield;
Thanking Heno everywhere, for the fair fruits of the
 field.

W. H. SCHULZ.

ACCESSORY.

She knew to be false what she heard—
She might with a look have denied;
Not an eyelash she stirred, nor uttered a word:
Had she spoken, the slander had died.

St. Paul, Minn.

CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB.



CAPT. W. E. P. FRENCH, U. S. A.

THE SONG OF THE GUNS AT SAMOA.

Hark! Hear the scream of shrapnel,
And the sibilant shriek of shell;
The great-guns' deep diapason,
The Hotchkiss' exultant yell;
The treble of rifle-fire,
The bass of the cannons' roar,
As English and Yankee broadsides
Are hurled on Samoa's shore.

Sons of one grand old mother,—
Mother, be glad of thy sons,—
Brother is fighting by brother,
And this is the song of their guns:

Men of one speech are we,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
Bound by our blood, yet free,
United in heart and hand.

Over the wide, wide world
With order and law we come,
Under our flags unfurled,
With bugle and fife and drum.

Peace we proclaim, not war!
Honor, and truth, and law;
These our endeavor,
Freedom and rights we bring,
And the hot gun-mouths sing,
 Justice forever!

'Ware of the Lion's paw!
'Ware of the Eagle's claw!
'Ware fur and feather!
Ye that oppress the weak,
'Ware tooth and trenchant beak
 Striking together!

W. E. P. FRENCH,
Kingston, N. Y. Capt. 3d Infantry, U. S. A.

WHEN THE CLOUDS HANG LOW.

Oh, it's merry every minute
When the clouds are floating high;
It is then the heart is happy.
And it couldn't tell you why;
But it's very, very different,
 You know just as well as I,
 When the clouds hang low.

What a blue is in the heavens
When the clouds are floating high!
What a green is on the meadow
As the river sparkles by!
But, alas! it's very gloomy
 On the earth and in the sky—
 When the clouds hang low.

You admire the tiny cloudlets
When the clouds are floating high;
They but ornament the picture
On which, pleased, you cast your eye;
But you fail to find their beauty—
 You can't see it if you try,
 When the clouds hang low.

It's a time to be a-stirring,
When the clouds are floating high;
It's a time to struggle, hoping
That you'll prosper by and by;
But you sit down in a corner,
 And you muse, and mope, and sigh,
 When the clouds hang low.

MARY M. CURRIER,
Wentworth, N. H.



Unsurveyed Government Land.

The land-office in Seattle, Wash., is authority for the statement that there is upwards of 900,000 acres of Government land in that district alone that is still unsurveyed and open to settlement. Some of this land is among the richest and best in the State, albeit it is some distance from the main arteries of trade, says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.

Salmon Propagation.

The Tacoma (Wash.) *West Coast Trade* says that Washington's effort to maintain the salmon supplies of the waters of that State are deserving of commendation from the extensive interests deriving support from the commercial fisheries.

The work of propagation is now to be engaged in upon a scale heretofore unapproached. The last Legislature appropriated \$44,000 for the establishment of new hatcheries, in addition to four already in existence, capable of turning out 25,000,000 young salmon annually. The appropriation contemplates the establishment of sixteen new hatcheries on various tributaries of Puget Sound, Columbia River, and Willapa Harbor, and the hundreds of millions of young fish to be thus added to the waters of the State will, according to the opinion of some enthusiastic advocates of artificial propagation, restore the fisheries to their original bountiful supply, and provide for the maintenance of the industry upon the enlarged scale which it is assuming.

A Great Public Improvement.

According to the Lewiston (Id.) *Teller*, the big steel bridge over Snake River, now rapidly approaching completion, will make not only Concord and Lewiston, but all of Vineland and Lewiston one community. Lewiston Valley, including all sides of the two rivers, is only about five miles long by one to three miles wide, a space hardly large enough to contain the city that is fast growing there.

From 1,200 to 6,000 population in four years, the *Teller* says, is fast enough for the solid development of this community. It would be better for us just now, if larger and more substantial buildings had been erected in the past; but today there are numerous roomy brick structures in process of construction, and many dwelling-houses. Yet the demand is great, and, because of the railroad and mining development, it is sure to increase for a long time to come. Rents are high, and the opportunities for investment in buildings for rent, on both sides of the river, are hard to excel. A hundred dwellings, to cost from \$500 to \$2,500 each, would be rented in a week. Quite a number for rent are now going up in Concord, and more will follow.

An Enormous Emigration Movement.

The Crookston (Minn.) *Times* of April, says that immigrants are coming into the Northwest in train-loads, and that nothing like the present rush was ever known before. "Yesterday seven long trains of people were carried through this city, bound for points in the

western portion of North Dakota, and this morning a train drawn by two engines and consisting of twenty-eight coaches loaded with passengers, and a number of cars laden with stock and machinery, whirled through a few minutes ahead of the morning passenger train. There are three more trains due to pass through during today and the night.

"A large number of these people are Dunkards who come from points in Pennsylvania and Indiana, and they will colonize in Western North Dakota. Meantime there are a few car-loads of emigrant movables which reach here on each of the incoming trains, brought by actual settlers who are coming, with their families, to make their homes and help build up the prosperous communities in this and adjoining counties. These latter are, in nearly every instance, men who have money with which to begin successful farming."

Doubled its Value in Ten Years.

An examination of the records in the register of deeds office in Grand Forks County, says the *Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald*, shows that in the past ten years real estate has doubled in value, and from present indications it will double again in the next decade.

During the month of February last there were fifty transfers filed, representing a total of 8,477 acres, the consideration for which was \$89,786, or a trifle over \$10 per acre, and the average price paid for fairly good quarters was \$2,000.

Ten years ago the average price per quarter, as shown by the records, was \$904, so that in a comparatively short space of time the value of 160 acres of land has increased over \$1,000, or more than doubled, which is certainly a very substantial advance. This is a factor which should be remembered by every owner of real estate, and especially by the farming community, as it adds materially to their assets year by year, without any effort upon their part.

That the value of land in the Red River Valley has always been underestimated is conceded by all who are familiar with its fertility; and, judging from the steady advance in price in the past, and from the value of real estate in older States, where the soil is inferior to ours, land is good property to own, and the farmers have every reason to feel that in a very few years their holdings will equal if not exceed in value the land in older but less favored agricultural States, where real property now sells for \$60 to \$100 per acre.

The Northwest Must Prosper.

James Stinson, of Chicago, the holder of a large amount of realty in St. Paul and Central Minnesota, was at the Ryan Hotel recently, and said that he had confidence in his holdings and believed that the country was on the verge of a revival in realty values. The Northwest would naturally reap a great benefit, as it was largely a contributor to the wealth of the country. Mr. Stinson declined to use the word "boom," but thought that the revival would be of a more stable variety than the word expressed.

"The fact that we have been able to turn the balance of trade in our favor," he continued, "would indicate that we are beginning to assume the place among nations that properly belongs to us. The last two years have witnessed the transfer of millions of dollars to our side of the ledger, with a strong possibility that the amount will be increased as the years roll by.

"It has been openly declared that the comity of the United States has in a measure enabled England, France, and Germany to avert an impending financial panic. This country is

about to reap the reward of its conservatism, and I believe that the largest advances will be along the line of realty. The Northwest is just getting into a position where it can assert itself and develop its vast resources. With that development will come an increase in values of every sort, and an era of general prosperity will begin.

"The country has been able to get itself out of danger through the thriftiness of its people and the earnestness and patriotism they have displayed. This fact has been commented on to a great extent by foreign writers, and it has been cited as an instance why the United States should prosper. I coincide heartily with their views, and I believe that a new era will be brought about."

A Prosperous North Dakota City.

For some time Mayor Johnson of Fargo, N. D., has been gathering statistics for his annual message to the city council. Among the facts developed relating to the wholesale, banking, post-office, telegraph and telephone business in the city for 1898 are the following:

The wholesale business in Fargo in farm machinery alone during the last year amounted to \$5,300,409.43. This, it is claimed, makes Fargo the third largest distributing point in farm machinery in the world, regardless of the size of the cities. The wholesale trade in groceries and fruits amounted to \$3,851,801.93. The other wholesale business in the city brought the total wholesale business for the year to over \$10,000,000.

On the last day of last year there was on deposit in the four Fargo banks, subject to check, \$1,659,924.82. The transactions of the Fargo clearing-house for the year of 1898 amounted to \$14,677,859.08. The receipts for stamps and box-rent for the post-office for the year were \$35,077.22. The expenses, including salaries, amounted to only \$11,571.23, leaving a net profit to the Government of \$23,505.99.

The Western Union telegraph office handled 777,189 messages. It has twenty-nine people in its employ now, and during the busy season the number is usually over forty. It uses 3,000 calls, and there are forty-five wires in the office.

It is in its telephone connections that Fargo leads all other cities of its size in the world. There are 583 telephones in daily use, with an average of 6,000 calls daily. There are nine operators in the exchange, and six men in the employ of the exchange as linemen, in addition to the manager and collector. Fargo is directly connected with eighty-five other cities and towns in the Red River Valley, and at Minneapolis with the Eastern lines.

"The foregoing," a correspondent says, "are only a few of the many totals shown of Fargo's growth and daily increasing importance in the business of the Northwest. It is very gratifying to the enthusiastic workers for the city's best interests, and it would be a difficult task to find a man in the city who believes the figures shown can be duplicated by any other city of 13,000 population in the world. The rapidity with which Fargo has grown the last three years, coupled with the enthusiastic manner in which the city was built up after its almost complete destruction in 1893, despite the financial panic existing at that time, certainly furnishes sufficient grounds for belief in Fargo's future prosperity. Among the improvements for the coming year, already planned, are five miles of new paving, which will make a total of eleven miles; and a big brick trunk sewer four feet in diameter."

Northwestern Progress in 1899.

In the line of settlement, the present year bids fair to outrank any of its predecessors. For weeks past the flow of immigration into all

the Northwestern States has been unprecedented. The two great transcontinental railway lines are carrying thousands of new settlers to the Dakotas, to Montana, to the fertile fields of Washington, and to Oregon and Idaho. Minnesota is getting her share of this new life. There appears to be almost an exodus from the Eastern and the Middle States. Probably not fewer than 50,000, perhaps 100,000, new farmers will be settled in the various Northwestern States during the present season. Great train-loads of well-conditioned emigrants and their belongings leave St. Paul daily. They are most desirable settlers, inasmuch as they are experienced farmers, stock-growers, and orchardists, and possess abundant means whereby to establish themselves securely and permanently wherever they choose to locate. Thousands of them are pouring into North Dakota, other thousands are en route to Washington, and many are headed for Oregon and the prosperous valleys of Idaho and Montana.

All this movement is due to natural causes. Good land in the East is growing too valuable for profitable farming, and even poor land costs

The Northwest has no disadvantages that are not common to the Eastern and Middle States, and it possesses many very superior, very marked, advantages. Here will be the center of population, and here will be the national granary. The great diversity of climates and products will cause it to be peopled with millions of enterprising men and women, manufacturers will come here as to a common center, and, almost before we know it, the country will be filled and our measure of wealth pass computation.

Minnesota's Wealth of Game and Fish.

S. F. Fullerton, the former executive agent of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Commission, says that few people realize the vast wealth represented by the fish and game of the State. "Careful study exhibits that if the game and fish of Minnesota were taken in charge by the State and placed upon the market, a yearly income above all expenses of not less than \$250,000 would accrue. In the matter of fish, as in game, Minnesota leads all other States in the Union. Minnesota has in square

of Minnesota is difficult, but basing an estimate upon the United States report and other statistics, \$3,000,000 is probably a low estimate.

"Minnesota, at the present time, is ten years ahead of any other State in the Union in regard to her game laws, and our supreme court has handed down decisions that have placed Minnesota in the front rank, and declared that the game and fish of the State belong to the people in their sovereign capacity. No State in the Union has game in greater variety or abundance, and the annual value, including large and feathered game, is not less than \$2,000,000. No one can estimate the wealth the settlers derive from this source. The frontier home has been built up mainly because game is abundant and the settler and his family is never in want of meat; but a pernicious agency has sprung up and tries to make money of what rightly belongs to the State. The Legislature, however, has enacted laws for the better protection of this game, thus insuring to the citizens the right to legitimately enjoy this great gift of nature.

"Some well-meaning men and good citizens



WINTER FEEDING OF SHEEP AND RANGE CATTLE IN YELLOWSTONE VALLEY, MONT.—Whitney, Bul. 14, Div. of Soils, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

too much and produces too little. Farmers back there appreciate the fact that it is better for them to sell the old farms for what they will bring and reinvest their money in the more productive soils of the Northwest, where lands are cheaper and the annual yields far greater. They can buy larger farms for less money, and have enough left to build homes and surround themselves with all essential comforts. They lose no privileges. Nowhere are there better school and church facilities than in the Northwest, and in no other section are there so many opportunities for self-advancement along all the lines of enterprise. Good homes, good markets, and excellent transportation facilities abound everywhere; and no man's efforts and abilities need be confined to a single industry. Those who come to the Northwest may engage in farming, or in stock-raising, or in dairying, or in fruit culture, or in mining, any one of which is a calling by itself, worthy of a man's best energies.

miles 3,800 lakes and ponds, and in water area he State has 5,637 square miles, nearly doublet that of any other State, and nearly all of which is filled with choicest fish.

"The southern part of Minnesota and the north shore of Lake Superior abounds in trout, and all other waters of the State abound in food-and game-fish. During the year 1898 the State game and fish commission distributed over 100,000,000 fry to keep the lakes and ponds stocked, and also to meet the drain made upon them by fishermen. Very little commercial fishing is done in Minnesota except in Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods; a million dollars would perhaps be a fair estimate of the amount. The income of the State from licenses is between two and three thousand dollars a year, mostly from market fishermen in the international waters.

"In all cases, open violations of the game laws are made as expensive to the guilty parties as possible. To place a value on the fisheries

are strongly opposed to any game-law legislation. 'Bring back the time when we had no game laws,' is the cry; 'let the game go out as buffalo did; it will be only a few years at best until it is exterminated.' The absolute maintenance of these laws is worthy the effort of every citizen and every body of men."

Smith River Valley, Montana.

It is something like 125 miles from the source of Smith River, Mont., to its confluence with the Missouri River. There are two beautiful valleys on this stream, the lower being known as Chestnut Valley, while the upper valley is known by the name of the beautiful river.

Chestnut Valley is about twenty-five or thirty miles in length; then intervenes a forty-mile canyon, when Smith River Valley opens out and stretches to the southeast a distance of about fifty miles. From the river strand to whence the snowy mountains rise abruptly it is ten to twenty miles in either di-

rection, and numerous delightful streams cross the valley from both sides. In the canyon region the river ploughs its way deep among the hills; but back of these, along numerous tributaries that come down from the distant mountains, and among the rolling plateaus, is a district devoted to stock-raising that is quite as densely populated as the wide, open valley, and the products of the region adjacent to Smith River Canyon are as great as the more level valley section.

In addition to this, there are known to be vast coal measures, toward the lower end of the canyon, which yield the finest quality of coal in the State. Another measure of coal crosses the country, near the source of the South Fork, which promises to prove of great value. This last coal district is developed to some extent, and shows a large vein of excellent coal.

Coal, however, is but a small part of the mineral promised by the mountains which hem this valley about. The west side, since the earliest settlement of the State, has been a rich placer field, but quartz mines of splendid promise are found in the mountains at every point of the compass from the valley metropolis—White Sulphur Springs. West of this point the mines lie in walls of granite and bear gold and silver, while south of this is a district of copper and gold in slate. To the south is a copper district. East of the town are the Castle Mountains, a mining section where the mineral abounds in contact veins between the lime and granite. North of this is Copperopolis, a copper district that gives great promise of becoming one of the first producers in the State. North of the town on Newlan and Sheep creeks are also fine copper and carbonate prospects. The Castle Mountains have a world-wide reputation for the production of carbonate ores, and the north side of this mountain group in this vicinity is even more promising than the south side, where the chief development exists. Certainly the Smith River watershed will some day become one of the chief mining districts of the northwestern region of the Rockies.

Today, however, the chief industry of this valley is of a rural nature. It is one of the finest regions for the production of forage crops extant, and is capable of supporting a vast increase of herds and flocks. Cattle-and-sheep-raising are the principal pursuits, although dairying is quite extensively practiced, and general mixed farming is carried on with success. The valley enjoys the distinction of being the wealthiest, in proportion to its population, of any region in the Rocky Mountains, and none of its people had more than a modest beginning. The valley of Smith River produces a million pounds of wool annually, and the lower valley would increase this at least a half-million pounds; while the canyon country and valley proper yield easily five hundred carloads of beef and mutton, and we look to see the mutton and wool product soon doubled, while the beef product will scarcely diminish.

But the chief institution of this gem of the mountains is its thermal fountains, the white sulphur springs, around which has been erected a beautiful town, substantial and magnificent architecturally. Though having but little more than a thousand inhabitants, it boasts of the finest class of cultured people to be found anywhere. The thermal springs have rank among the oldest-known watering places on earth. Trails converge here from the four quarters of the globe, and legends tell of the use of the waters for unknown centuries. Here upon this valley are mines—worked so many thousands of years ago for their opal, agate, and flint, in which great pine forests have germinated and flourished, grown to hoary age, and perished by

natural causes—whose products were worked into implements and weapons as the workers lived happily by these medicinal waters, being fed upon the game of the valley—as numerous as are our flocks and herds today.

The evidence of the long use of these waters by the aborigines was the first thing to attract the white race, but the cures wrought in the twenty years past proclaim them one of the world's best and most successful healing asylums. In short, Smith River Valley is nicely developed agriculturally, and consumes between two and a half and three million pounds of merchandise annually, as the Northern Pacific's freight books show for the dullest season known for years. It markets \$150,000 worth of wool, \$80,000 worth of cattle, and \$90,000 worth of mutton every year that rolls by, and is the thriftiest commonwealth in North America.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman, White Sulphur Springs, Mont.*

A Huge Elevator Project.

The first contract for the construction at West Superior of the largest grain elevator in the world was awarded recently by the Great Northern Railway Company.

Schmidt Brothers, of West Superior, Wis., were awarded the contract for building the foundation of the structure, the bid amounting to about \$85,000. The elevator and adjoining storage tanks will be built of steel, and cost, when completed, over \$2,000,000. The total capacity of the buildings and tanks will be 6,500,000 bushels of grain, which is two and a half million greater than the largest elevator now in existence.

This project is another of the enterprises of James J. Hill. It indicates an intention to embark in the grain-carrying trade on a scale that speaks well for the future prosperity of the wheat-growing belt. Not only wheat, but corn, flax, and oats will be provided for in the new storage-house.

The elevator will be located at the Great Northern dock No. 1, which has been used as a coal dock by the Northwestern Fuel Company. The contract calls for the completion of the foundation within seventy-five days.

There will be a central cleaning elevator of 3,000,000 bushels' capacity. This structure will be built of steel, and is to be the first cleaning elevator constructed of steel. The largest cleaning elevator now in existence does not have a capacity of over 1,250,000 bushels.

This main structure will be 370 by 128 feet, and 230 feet high. Some idea of its size may be gained by the fact that there are two stories before the machinery for cleaning is reached. This machinery extends upward eighty-five feet, and on top of this will be seven stories more. The elevator will equal in height a twenty-story building.

Surrounding this cleaning elevator, and connected with it will be the storage tanks. Each of these will be fifty feet in diameter and sixty-five feet high. These can be added as needed, and it is the present intention to construct about thirty of them, all of steel. Together, they will have a total storage capacity of 3,500,000 bushels. This is in addition to the working capacity of the cleaning elevator, which alone has a capacity for 3,000,000 bushels. The Armour elevator in Chicago, which is solely a storage elevator, has a capacity of only 4,000,000 bushels. The largest steel storage elevator in Buffalo is of 3,000,000 bushels capacity.

The main cleaning elevator at West Superior will cost over a million dollars and use 2,000,000 pounds of steel in its construction. The impossibility of securing all the steel at once is one of the reasons for not completing the

structure in time for the fall movement of wheat. Storage tanks of a half-million bushels' capacity will be built at the same time, and others be added as fast as needed, until the total capacity of elevator and tanks equals 6,500,000 bushels.

Big Fishing in Alaskan Waters.

"The number of halibut to the square foot in Alaskan waters is one of the most remarkable things I ever saw at sea," said Captain Seaman of the steamer Czarina the other day, as a knot of maritime men were discussing the remarkable catch of the fishing steamer Edith. "The Indians at Juneau catch all they can use or sell with wooden hooks, and lines twisted up of grass and roots. The water is almost alive with them."

"The Indian method of fishing is an easy one. They tie the line to a seal bladder full of air, and throw it overboard. When the halibut bites, he drags the bladder beneath the surface and swims until he is drowned. When the bladder reappears on the surface, the fisherman paddles up to it and hauls in his halibut, stone dead. If he tried to do it any other way, his canoe would be capsized in a minute. Even after the fish is dead, it takes a performance of balancing which would do credit to a tight-rope walker to get it aboard. The canoe is sharp at the ends, and to take as big a fish as a man over the side would be impossible to anyone but an Alaska Indian."

"It does not take long to drown the halibut, for the float keeps his mouth open so that the water soon chokes him. The bladder is over a foot in diameter, and it takes a strong pull to keep it under water long."

"The Indians use the same plan in whale-fishing off Cape Flattery. They never attempt to harpoon a whale and let it tow them, as a white whaler does. They follow the brute around for days, sticking it full of spears with seal bladders attached, and finally get so many fast that he cannot get under water at all. When he is tired out, they paddle alongside and spear him in a vital spot. They can capture a big whale in this way. One caught several years ago measured seventy-two feet, and was the largest ever killed in this part of the world. They have a big time when they make a successful haul, and spend thousands of dollars in a potlatch."

"The bladder-floats come from both fur and air seals. There are plenty of fur seals along the Pacific Coast, even as far south as California. There is quite a fleet of schooners lying out this winter, and it has made a fair success. The schooner Mermaid haled me on my way to San Francisco about a month ago, when she was short of provisions, and had 800 skins aboard then. Fur sealing is a long way from being played out in this region."—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

HARDSHIPS OF PROSPECTORS.—Some hard experiences are met with by Alaska pilgrims. One party, that went from Mandan, N. D., last year, landed at Port Valdes beach and at once started to move their goods to the foot of the glacier, six miles away, on their sleds. The snow was eight and ten feet deep, but soft on the top, and they had hard times getting over the glacier, sleeping on the ice and snow. They were wet through all the time and could not dry out, because short of the wood which had to be pulled over with them some thirty miles. The middle of May found them forty-five miles from the beach, with no more snow. They then set to work to build boats to shoot the Klutena River with, which they did about June 1, landing at Amy's Rapids with their goods safe and sound.

ROCKY GULCH BUILDS A CHURCH.

By Colin Kirkwood Cross.

By a master-stroke of energetic good management, the residents of Coyote Bar had a church built and dedicated before the people of Rocky Gulch were able to complete the house of worship which they erected in all haste upon a foundation already laid. The Rocky Gulch church, however, was a more pretentious structure, for in the basement it had a first-class bowling-alley, well equipped and in running order when the superstructure was ready for occupation.

A young clergyman was engaged to labor in this promising field, and he arrived in due time to officiate at the opening service. On the Sunday succeeding that upon which Coyote Bar's church had first been worshiped in, the one in Rocky Gulch was to be opened to the public with appropriate ceremonies. Much interest was manifested in the new enterprise, and a large crowd had gathered in the bowling-alley on the ground floor.

"I reckon it would be a good, safe play to discuss this yere church-openin' business an' exchange ideas some," said Dick Dawson. "You see, it's jest this way: we-all ain't noways posted on spiritual matters—without, maybe, Jeff's some onto the game, an' in order to do justice to the camp, an' not make no bad breaks, we shall have to play a good deal careful."

"Why not have the young feller which we've hired to run the joint give us some pointers?" asked Mojave Green.

"That wouldn't noways near do," said Dick. "If he ever finds out how we don't none of us know the first rudiments of the game, he'll say, 'Here, now, I can't be wastin' my time a-pesterin' with no infant class. You fellers go to work an' git so 't you know one card from another in this yere game of salvation, an' then I'll show you how to play 'em.'"

"I reckon you're mistook about that, Dick," said Jeff Witherill. "The preacher seems to be a well-meanin' young feller, an' when them soul-steerers is straight goods they're terrible nice people—a heap better'n any of us'll ever be. It's a good two-to-one bet that he'd quit eatin' any time to learn us the spots on the cards in his game."

"You'd shorely oughter know better'n the rest of us, Jeff," said Dick, "an' what you say is a good deal relievin' to my mind; for Coyote Bar will shorely have parties here to watch our game, an' if we make any misplays they'll be apt to exult a heap."

"There ain't no need of makin' any misplays, or callin' the preacher in, either," said Jeff; "for if you fellers wants me to, I can put you dead onto the whole snap, so we can stack up even alongside of Coyote Bar on divine worshipin', an' be a bowlin'-alley ahead of 'em on this deal."

"We'd shorely like to have you give us a straight steer," said Mojave Green.

"Well, now, listen," said Jeff. "Whenever the preacher begins talkin', ev'rybody takes his bonnet off an' keeps it off, like they do at a fun'r'al; an' there hadn't oughter be no loud talkin' or smokin'. Then when he gits down onto his knees an' goes to prayin', we-all sticks our heads onto the backs o' the seats in front of us an' looks solemn, this bein' the proper time to replace chaw which is wore out.

That's all we have to do to make a success of the enterprise, except to ante lib'ral when the conterbution-box is shoved around, an' r'member that when the young feller come amongst a lot of wolves like us he didn't have nothin' in mind but to try an' do us some good. When the services is over, though, we don't all want to make a break for the door to oneself, like we heard a dog-fight out in front, but walk out slow an' solemn, similar to a feller which has had all his money down on the last turn and got whip-sawed."

"But, however can we tell when the cards is all out of the box an' the deal's over with?" asked Dick Dawson.

"I think I shall know when he pulls the hock-card," said Jeff; "but we needn't worry none about that, anyway. The little feller'll have us sized up before he makes the first turn, an' if we git stalled, he'll manage somehow to help us out o' the mud, an' do it in sech a way that it wouldn't hurt our feelin's none, even if we had any."

"That programme ain't noways intricate," said Mojave Green. "We'd shorely oughter go through them maneuvers from start to finish without makin' a bobble."

"Say, fellers!" exclaimed Arizona Dave, rushing breathlessly into the crowd; "we've got to git a shirt-tail move on us or we're left in the mud, shore."

"Whatever's went wrong now?" Dick asked.

"Why, I jest seen a feller from Coyote Bar, which says them piruts is goin' to have three men baptized today; an' to play even an' hold our own, we have to size up to 'em—but I would prepose that we go 'em three better, an' hold the age."

"That's shorely our play," said Dick Dawson; "an' if there ain't no volunteers for this yere duty, I would respectfully suggest that we throw in ten dollars apiece an' shake pokerdice all 'round—the six low men to be baptized immejit, an' the victims also to divide the pot equal amongst 'em."

"Hold on, Dick!" said Jeff Witherill; "that won't do. This yere baptizin' business ain't no triflin' game, an' the preacher wouldn't accept no entries for the ceremony which he didn't reckon was made plum in good faith."

"I didn't mean nothin' wrong," said Dick; "but it begins to look like things was c'nsider'ble complicated, after all. Whyever shouldn't he be willin' to baptize fellers which wants to be baptized an' is ready to pay all damages?"

"Not understandin' much about it myself, I couldn't explain noways lucid," said Jeff; "but there ain't no gittin' back of what I say. I've got a gener'l idea of what baptizin' signifies scattered 'round in my head—I know it's what they call symbolic of some terrible solemn things."

"Then it must resemble the goin's-on when they initiate people into secret soci'ties," remarked Dick. "Is there more'n one degree to it?"

"No; it ain't nothin' of that kind, an' it ain't proper to talk about it in a place like this anyhow," said Jeff.

"I don't mean no harm," said Dick; "an' if there ain't nothin' secret about it, I can't see

what hurt it does to seek information an' ask questions, respec'ful. Whatever does it signify, anyhow?"

"Why, it signifies that them which is baptized is took into the flock; for some o' the preachers is called shepherds, an' they call the gang which antes to keep 'em runnin', 'their flock.'"

"Is there any brands or ear-marks put onto the flock—anything disfiggerin'?" Dick asked.

"If you knowed even sech a little bit about it as I do, you wouldn't ask that question, Dick. Don't you ever make no sech talk as that to the preacher."

"Why? Would he git hostile, an' quit us cold?"

"No; I don't reckon he'd git any hostile," said Jeff, "but it would be apt to hurt his feelin's c'nsider'ble, even if he knewed you didn't mean no harm."

"Does one baptizin' last to play the hand out?" Dick persisted. "Now, when folks is vaccinated, sometimes it don't take good; an', anyhow, they'd oughter be innocylated ag'in' ev'ry seven years."

"If they're in the right sperit, it runs 'em clean through," said Jeff.

"It don't always," said Mojave Green. "I knowed a feller once which was rebaptized five times, an' when I met up with him he was needin' it bad ag'in'."

"Prob'lly he got to switchin' on his system," said Jeff. "There's a multitud of diff'rent ways leadin' to the Golden Stairs, an' some folks likes to cross from one trail to another. Then they have to be rebaptized, or else the gang on the new route wouldn't recognize 'em."

"Well, if nobody can't be baptized, whatever shall we do to hold Coyote Bar level?" Dick asked.

"We'll jest natur'ly set back an' let them do the playin' for a while," said Jeff. "It takes a heap of hard spiritual trainin' to c'ndition a man for the baptizin'-ring, an' none o' them highbinders is in any shape to last one round. Them three converts which goes frolickin' up to the front today bites off a heap more than they can chaw, an' the first thing we know they'll be fallin' from grace an' backslidin', swift."

At this point it was announced that the minister had entered the church above, and all hands immediately followed and took seats in solemn silence, several Coyote Bar men also being present. The young clergyman who had undertaken to minister to the spiritual wants of this community conducted the opening services impressively, and preached a short, plain sermon which was partially understood and highly approved of by his hearers.

At a nod from Jeff Witherill, Dick Dawson passed the contribution-box—with a grace and ease which excited general admiration. Before starting to perform this duty, however, he introduced a slight innovation into the regular services by making a few remarks on his own account, regardless of Jeff's frowns.

"Fellers," he said, "you can all of you see by the way this little feller plays his hand, that he's dead white an' givin' it to us straight. He's dealin' square-cut cards out of a honest box, an' his game's open to anybody which wants to go up ag'in it. Now, I hold that if we don't c'ntribut lib'ral to maintain sech a institootion as him, we're worse'n Digger Injuns, an' not fit to mingle with even sech an outfit as that Coyote Bar crowd. In c'nclusion, I want to say that chicken-feed don't go, an' if any party puts anything less'n a dollar into this box, I shall take it as a pers'nal insult, an' the ensuin' conflict will take place just as soon

as we emerge from this yere sacred edifice."

When the services were concluded, the congregation adjourned to the basement; and while some utilized the new bowling-alleys, others discussed the very satisfactory opening of their church.

"I want to say," observed Dick Dawson, "that prob'ly them remarks which I made regardin' the conterbution wa'n't noways called for, because the boys all chipped in handsome, an' I feel shore it was also did voluntary."

"I reckon we can give Coyote Bar cards an' spades an' beat 'em out on preachers," said Mojave Green. "That little feller shorely did shoot Gospel at us straight an' convincin'. There ain't no tellin' but maybe bime bye some of us publicans an' sinners might git switched onto the right trail an' be baptized dead on the square."

"It don't make no diff'rence now whether we

TRAPPING GRIZZLY BEARS.

An old hunter whose experience with grizzly bears dates back many a year, writes an interesting letter to the *Philadelphia Times* as follows:

"The men who make a business of trapping grizzly bears set their traps miles back in the great gloomy forests, where animals like to make their lairs among the tangled fallen timbers, over which no one can pass except on foot, and then only with great difficulty. To come in such a spot upon an ugly grizzly bear, an animal weighing almost as much as an ox, and not only ready, but anxious, for a fight, is something that means business to the trapper. A grizzly bear will free himself from a trap nine times out of ten if he is not overtaken within a couple of hours after he gets into it. The traps weigh forty or fifty pounds. The

on the bear is not strong enough to withstand every kind of resistance the clog makes to his retreat, and the bear's exertions to get free are great and persistent, as I have more than once observed when following the trail of a grizzly thus raging onward toward safety. The bear seems to know that his life depends on ridding himself of the incumbrance. As he rushes through the forest, he mows great swaths in the underbrush. He drags the trap against trees, logs, and rocks, and whenever it holds fast to them a few seconds, he jerks and tugs his imprisoned foot, trying to tear it loose. The grizzly has not the intelligence of the common black bear of the Pennsylvania woods, which, when trapped and trying to escape, will go back and loosen the clog of the trap from an obstruction, and frequently pick the clog up and carry it in his arms, as you might say, if the trap happens to be on a hind foot.

"The further a grizzly bear goes on his furious march without ridding himself of the trap, the greater his rage becomes. He will rush against obstructing trees, and tear them with his teeth. I have followed the trails of grizzlies through thick timber, while the bears were endeavoring to free themselves from their traps, and have counted sapling after sapling, and good-sized ones at that, chewed to the ground by the infuriated animals. To come up with a half-ton grizzly bear while he is in such temper would be like standing in the path of a cyclone.

"The trail of a trapped grizzly generally leads the trapper a long way through the forest, and more than likely a mile or so into a swamp where he can see but a few feet in any direction, the growth is so dense. He is constantly expecting the bear to rise somewhere about him and charge upon him like an avalanche. There have been times when trappers have come up with the bear at the very moment when he has succeeded in tearing loose from the trap. At least that is the supposition of those who have found the bodies of such trappers in the swamps.

"A grizzly bear won't eat anything in the vegetable line unless he can't get meat, and a black bear won't eat meat so long as he can get something in the vegetable line. But as much as the grizzly dotes on things in the way of meat, he will starve to death before he will eat human flesh. This isn't in keeping with what bear-story writers love to tell about the grizzly, but it is true. My old friend, George Ray, of Idaho, has a theory to explain this abhorrence by the grizzly bear of man's flesh. He believes that one day the father or the mother of the grizzly family killed an Indian and ate some of him. That, friend Ray declares, could have but one result; it set the bear forever against man meat. The family fell heir to the repugnance, and, not being able to distinguish between Indians and human beings, none of its members has ever tasted one or the other since. But George Ray holds a big grudge against Indians, and his theory may be wrong."

VANISHING PRAIRIE-DOGS.—It is said that the rapid disappearance of prairie-dogs and their populous villages is due to the little marten, usually known as the pine marten. One authority says that these little animals follow the dogs into their dens and, like a mink in a hen-roost, attack and suck their life-blood. This party had occasion to make some observations last summer near a sheep-ranch on Hound Creek, in Montana. A large prairie-dog village was visited by martens, and they saw them chase the dogs into their dens. There were a number of martens in the raid, and it was noticed a few weeks afterward that the village was utterly destroyed.



".... he introduced a slight innovation by making a few remarks on his own account, regardless of Jeff's frowns."

do or not," said Arizona Dave, who had just joined the party. "A feller which has jest come over says them mugs didn't git baptized none."

"How did that come about?" asked Dick Dawson.

"Why, the preacher was some leary about baptizin' 'em at first, but finally he said if they'd be locked up where they could meditate an' pray silent all night, he'd chance it. It seems one of 'em had a deck o' cards along, an' instead of meditatin' an' prayin', they went to playin' draw, till the game wound up in a three-cornered fight. All of 'em was hammered up c'nside'rable, an' when the preacher seen the shape they was in this mornin', he canceled their entries an' returned the entrance fees. So the whole business was declared off, an' Coyote Bar ain't leadin' us a trick on baptizin' ner nothin' else."

Jaws are worked with springs so stiff that the strength of two strong men is required to set them. To the trap a chain is firmly secured, which is in turn fastened to a wooden clog four or five feet long. This serves as a hindrance to the trapped bear as he retreats or tries to retreat to his tangled haunts. To lessen the liability of the bear tearing loose through the clog catching firmly in obstructions, the chain is fastened to it near one end.

A grizzly bear is most frequently caught in the trap toward the tip of one of his forepaws. The instant the steel jaws snap and close on him, he hastens with all the speed he can command, and in a tremendous rage, for the nearest swamp, which is never far away in a region where successful grizzly trapping may be expected. By swamp I do not mean a miry, boggy morass, but a jungle of tangled undergrowth and thick timber. The hold of the trap



She Knew His Method.

Teacher (to new scholar)—“Now, Mary, I’ll give you a sum: If your father owed the butcher \$13.17, and the baker \$11.13, and the coal-dealer \$27.08, and the landlord \$15.10, how much would he have to pay them?”

Answer—“I don’t think he would have to pay them anything.”

“Why not?”

“Because I think he would move.”—*Heron Lake (Minn.) News.*

A Queer Coincidence.

The Stillwater (Minn.) *Prison Mirror* tells of an Irishman at McCook, Neb., who went out to celebrate the other night and returned at three in the morning only to find that his family had also been enlarged by three in the meantime.

He looked at the clock and then at the kids, and remarked:

“It’s a quare coincidence. However, I’m dom’d glad Oi didn’t return at eight!”

A Pathetic Muse.

Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight! Give me the nose that I breathed through last night! Bring back the smeller that, two days ago, knew not the torment of continued blow. Wipe from my mustache the moisture of sneeze. Put wooden splints on my poor weakened knees. Backward, turn backward, O tide of the nose! I am so tired, from my head to my toes. Tired with mopping, and coughing, and sneezing; weary of handkerchief constantly seizing. I have grown weary of snifle and snuff, of wiping my bugle until it is rough. Stick my head in a big pillow-slip, and sew it up, mother, for I have the gripe.—*Idaho Paper.*

What They Said.

A crank came running into the office of a Montana paper and said that a man had just swallowed a two-foot rule and died by inches. The editor started out at once to learn further particulars of the death, and, meeting a doctor, told him about the case. The doctor said:

“Pshaw! that’s nothing; I once had a patient who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees.”

A couple of bystanders then chipped in. One of them said it reminded him of a fellow down in Kansas who swallowed a pistol and went off easy. The other one said he had a friend who took a quart of applejack and died in good spirits.

On a Street-Car.

He was dressed in the height of fashion, and occupied a seat near the door of a crowded street-car, the Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger* says, when a woman of considerable avoirdupois and severity of expression entered. Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He arose, and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him, of course—she exclaimed, in strident tones that reached to the farthest end of the car:

“Here! what do you want to stand up there for? Come and sit on my lap.”

“Madam,” he gasped, as his face became

crimson, “I—I fear I am not deserving of such an honor.”

“What do you mean, you brute?” shrieked the woman. “You know very well I was speaking to my niece there, behind you.”

A Cute North Dakota Girl.

She is a cute little Park River girl of seven, and the young Norsk proprietor of the store at which she called knew her well.

“How much for one of these picture-books?” she inquired of him.

“Just two kisses”—for he wanted to make her a present.

“I’ll take six,” she said in a cool, business-like way, as she tucked them under her arm and started for the door. “Papa will call and settle.”—*Park River (N. D.) Gazette.*

Competition in North Dakota.

Among the characters of Buffalo, N. D., is a certain Justice of the Peace—as uniformly wise as he is facetious. The other day he caused the following to be published in the local paper:

“I am reliably informed that some of our local clergy are cutting prices and thereby demoralizing business. I will not reduce prices to perform the marriage ceremony, but will give time, if necessary, or will take meat, potatoes, grain—in fact, any kind of produce, and will agree not to kiss the bride unless perfectly satisfactory—to her.”

Useless Bucking.

It is quite useless to attempt to “buck against” these great corporate and soulless powers. This fact was illustrated one day last week. A well-bred, but sadly misguided, pig, the chattel property of Mrs. Hannah Larson, attempted to prevent a Northern Pacific freight-train from passing through the yards at this point.

The pig intercepted the train at the crossing east of the depot, planting itself firmly in front of the oncoming locomotive. The first thing the pig knew, he was good and dead. The pleasant relations that had heretofore existed between the pig’s head and its body were entirely severed, without formal notice by publication or otherwise.

We think the moral is perfectly plain: “better suffer the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of;” and—look out for the cars.—*La Moure (N. D.) Chronicle.*

A Yarn With a Point.

Some folks say that the most unhandy individual hitherto discovered is a landsman on a sailing craft, but he isn’t a circumstance to a bachelor with a baby—some other person’s baby, of course.

Such a man recently confided to us his avuncular experience. He had been entrusted by his sister, as a high privilege, with the temporary care of his small niece. At first the privilege played quietly enough, but at length she complained vociferously, and refused to be comforted by either an india-rubber toad, taffee, the tongs, or the caroty cat, and uncle asked despairingly:

“What is it, darling—want ma?”

“Oh, oh, oh!”

“Pa, then?”

“Oh, oh, oh!”

“What is it, then?”

“I—oh, oh, oh—wants to git off dis pin!”—*Deadwood (S. D.) Pioneer-Times.*

A Bit of Grim Humor.

There is all sorts of humor in this world. Some of it is dry, some of it like champagne, and now and then you run upon a bit of laughter that was never meant to be funny at all.

Of the latter kind, perhaps, is the following—which, if the man intended it for a joke, was cast in a grim mold, to say the least.

The name of this particular person is upon our subscription books, and the debits and credits show that the man who owns the name is considerably in arrears. Therefore a bill was sent him which read:

“According to our books, you are indebted to this office \$2.17 for our magazine from — ’98 to — ’99. Kindly remit same and oblige yours,” etc.

In a few days a letter was received in reply which stated:

“Yours at hand. You say that according to your books I owe you \$2.17. According to my books I owe you nothing, and I therefore return the bill.”

He Had Ground Hog.

Anoka has more practical jokers than any city of its size going. On Candlemas day, with its ground-hog legend, a knight of the grip was in Anoka selling clothing to T. G. McLean. The subject of ground-hogs and their shadows came up, and it was incidentally remarked that there was a ground-hog in a near-by meat-market.

The traveling man asked how it was captured, and was informed that it was dead. After selling his goods, he left the store, walked into the meat-market, gazed everywhere about him, said good-day to the proprietor, and finally asked:

“You have a ground-hog here?”

“Yes,” said the butcher.

“I don’t see it; where is it?” interrogated the stranger.

“Right there on the sausage platter,” came the answer.

The traveling man never said a word; but he bought cigars at wholesale, and took the first train out of town to save him from becoming bankrupt.—*Anoka (Minn.) Union.*

Mark Antony at a Ball.

When Mark Antony went to Alexandria, Cleopatra thought it best to jolly him with all kinds of diversions and pastimes. He was a good thing, and she pushed him along. So, one day she gave orders for a big dance at the schoolhouse. This was much to Ant.’s delight, for if there was one thing more than another that he was swelled on, it was his dancing. Back in Rome, where he came from, he used to make it howl after a dance, and in doing the “gilde” and the “reverse,” the rest of the Romans weren’t in it for a minute. In the Virginia reel he could work in a double shuffle when balancing to corners *au fait*, as well as all feet, and in Tucker, the man who could get away with his partner was too smooth to waste sandpaper on. So, when Cleo. said “dance,” Ant. smiled to himself and mentally remarked, “Here’s where I do up all these country guys in a canter.”

On the night of the party, Antony saw at once that he was outclassed; Cleopatra danced all around him. Ant. pleaded indisposition when it came to dances he thought he might fall down on; but when those he was sure of were announced, he hit the floor like a man who had brought his own bottle along. He frolicked around like a thing of life. The fiddler, who had been hauling grain all day, made the remark to Ant. that he was sure the warmest thing at the dance; but still Cleo. went him one better.

At last Antony decided upon strategy to win the honors he could not otherwise obtain. He took the caller out behind the house, and gave him a swig that, together with the heated room, made even the stove dance; he mumbled

the changes in a thick, slushy, pulpy voice, and finally fell asleep in the middle of a quadrille.

Cleopatra said nothing, but finished calling the changes herself, and when it was time to waltz again she got around where Ant could hear her, and said:

"These dudes from Rome make me tired. They can't dance for sour apples. They go moseying around the room like a jack-rabbit, with a breath on them that would stop a stem-wind watch. They grope around the room like a nigger in a preacher's henhouse. Their dancing is short and sweet, like a jackass's gallop. They put on style enough to jar the necktie off an advance agent of a show, but they can't dance a little bit!"—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

A Chapter on Blushing.

An English physician of some prominence has made the startling statement that blushing is not due to sentiment, as has been heretofore supposed, but is caused by wearing woolen socks and too heavy underclothing.

From time immemorial it has been thought that the blush was caused by an impression, either pleasant or otherwise, upon the moral sensibilities, arising from something either seen or heard; but this doctor knocks the idea in the head by his wonderful discovery that blushing is the result of wearing woolen clothing, which causes a paralysis of the sympathetic circles of nerves surrounding the arteries, and, not contracting properly, allow a freer flow of blood to the surface.

What a blow this is to the most cherished instances of our fondest recollections! No more can we congratulate ourselves upon our powers of fascination when we see the blush mantle the fair brow of an adored one at our approach, for we must know that it is not our presence that causes it, but it is because said adored one has on a pair of woolen socks. The young man who has allowed his arm to steal softly around the waist of his sweetheart, and watched the blushes come and go by the dim, flickering light of the parlor lamp, thought they were a sort of heart barometer by which his watchful eye could detect the condition of her affections, when the fact was, they were merely registering the temperature of her pedal extremities.

Oh! what a rude awakening from a pleasant dream. What fearful intrusions into our heavenly hallucinations the onward march of scientific research is making! Half the pleasure of the blissful parting at the front gate has passed out of our lives forever; for when the pale moonlight reveals the crimson tinge upon her alabaster cheek, we will be aware of the horrible fact that it is more of a tribute to some heartless woolen-mill than it is to the saccharine bliss we are pouring into her willing ear.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

The Woes of an Economist.

A well-known young man of the city got himself into a predicament the other day that he will probably not soon forget. To start with, he determined, beginning with the new year, to shave himself, resolving that shaves at barber-shops are too expensive.

On Sunday morning—having bought a razor, a shaving-mug, and a brush—the young man arose a few minutes earlier to shave his visage. He lives in a flat, by the way, rooming with some people that have women in the family. As he was up earlier than usual, our young friend thought he could slide out to the bathroom and get the shaving-mug full of hot water without having to dress very much. He did not think that anybody else in the house would be up; so out he slid, very scantily clad.

The young fellow got the hot water, and re-

turned to his room. To his horror, he found that he had forgotten to fix the spring lock of the door, and he was locked out! He tried in every way to get into the room. He went to the pantry of the house, got a long carving-knife, and attempted by inserting this between the door-jam and the door to shove the latch back. It would not work.

Pretty soon somebody stirred in another part of the house, and the unfortunate young man heard voices of women coming toward him. He fled into the bath-room again, and locked the door.

To make a long story short, our young man, after remaining locked out of his room for several hours, was rescued by one of the men of the house. It is hardly necessary to say that his streak of economy regarding shaving disappeared, and the barbers are now receiving his patronage again.—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune.*

News from Manila.

I received last week from Manila, through the kindness of Charlie Cairncross, a copy of the *El Express*—a weekly newspaper printed on

of smoked and beaten meats, frog's legs, black bass, and ox-yoke steaks. A fellow by the name of O. Jo seems to be advertising a house and lot and a wheelbarrow full of chicken-feed for sale. He wants it understood, in big type, that he wants the coin; no fish-skin sixty-day notes will go!

Adalfo Roensch sells hats. He calls them sombreros; but he can't fool us, as he has a wood cut of five different shapes, any of which would look well if worn on a load of hay or a windmill.

The jewelry store runs an ad. A Laino mends watches and clocks in a charmful manner; best Church's Ferry goose-grease oil used; watches all run down made good as new. He also engraves wedding-rings with a cold-chisel.

"Pum??" This stuff was advertised in connection with a cannon, and a girl in her working clothes holding a long knife in one hand and a torch for firing the cannon and kitchen stove in the other hand. "Pum" had taken the first premium at the Manila County fair for two years as the crow flies, and was going again next year.



BRINGING UP A YOUNG NORTH DAKOTAN.

This cub bear was reared by Farmer Russell's daughter of Walhalla, N. D., but is now one of the attractions of a well-known menagerie.

a flour-sack on the 4th de Marzo de 1894. Most of the flour had been emptied out of the sack before the printing occurred, but there is still enough on the local page to make a slice of bread.

The first page is devoted entirely to advertisements, the first one being headed "Indicator;" in one corner of this ad. is a cut of a locomotive engine running over a dog. The engineer is making himself a cigarette, while the fireman is getting up steam with mahogany saw-logs. In some fine type under the engine, with the dog, is a warning to people to keep their watches greased when travelling, and to get onto the cars before they get out of sight. The next ad. calls attention to a superior quality of cognac and fine champagne, not to be used in gasoline stoves or for bathing purposes. Remember the number, E. Scolta St., north of the jail.

The cooper-shop at 462 Servicio carries a good advertisement; barrels are made there to fit any kind of drink with or without heads; no bail. The butcher-shop offers a fine assortment

At the bull-pen south of town there was to be a Gran Tablero, wind and thermometer permitting; no one allowed to sit in the trees outside and throw cocoanuts at the actors.

The first thing on the local page that attracts attention is a marriage notice of Amas Nodrizas and Mamareo Catelino, who were united in marriage without much trouble. The bride's brother gave her away, and the groom gave himself away by getting drunk and kicking over the wedding breakfast.

A. Puna had been away from home for a week, and during his absence a water-buffalo ate up his well.

Senora Puedo gave a dance on her father's roof. Most of the boys attended or intended to attend, until it got to be known that a typhoon had lugged the roof out in the bay.

The tobacco crop north of town has been badly damaged by the traveling worm, which ought to know better than to chew tobacco.

A snake swallowed Farmer Carrillo's horse Tuesday night. It will do the snake no good, as the horse is balky.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*



STEVENS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, AT MORRIS, MINN.



INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT MORRIS.

THE COUNTY SEAT OF STEVENS COUNTY, MINN.

Back in the hazy but well-remembered past—back in the early seventies, the old St. Paul & Pacific Railroad cut its way north and west from the Twin Cities to the junction of three grand rivers, at which point was situated the picturesque little town of Breckenridge, Minn. A little north of half-way between these two terminals, this railroad became responsible for the birth of the thriving little city of Morris, whose destiny seems to be clearly marked as one of Minnesota's shining lights. It is the county seat of Stevens County, and recognized as the business center of the surrounding country. It is located on the sparkling little river of Pomme de Terre, whose course is westerly and empties into that little home of thousands of the finny tribe—Lake Pomme de Terre.

Leaving this fascinating little home of sport and rest, Morris has on its other hand even a grander resort, one which is known far and near—Lake Glenwood. Still, one does not have to leave the little city to find comfort even on the hottest of summer days, for it is studded with numerous shade-trees, well pruned and thrifty. Morris is also blessed with one of the most enterprising lot of public-spirited

business men that could be placed in any community, their sole ambition being to aid in the upbuilding and development of their town and surrounding country; and they have every

the other hand, devote their energies to diversified farming and stock-raising. As a consequence, they are practically a people out of debt and living on a cash basis, as they never come to town without something in their wagons to sell.

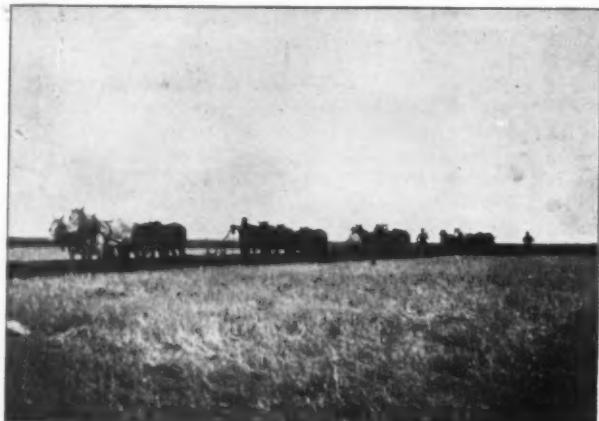
Morris is extremely lucky in having no idle citizens; and as a manufacturing point it can offer almost every inducement. It has a population of 2,300, is well lighted with electric lights, has a very well regulated waterworks system, and a large Government Indian School.

There are a number of hustling real estate men, who have in the past three years sold in Stevens County over 50,000 acres of land. They told the writer that they have more for sale, both wild and improved.

It is safe to say that there is more business transacted daily in Morris than in any other town of its size in the State. It is reached by two of the best roads in the country, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. You never see a man from its borders who is not ready to turn a trick at any stage of the game, if it is going to help Morris.

Educational facilities cannot be excelled. There are two large public school-houses, modern in construction and supplied with every educational facility. They are well-built two-story brick buildings, each occupying a block of ground, in which the youngsters romp and grow big and strong.

Business is carried on in a style strictly up



PLOWING IN STEVENS COUNTY, MINN.

reason to be interested in their work, for they have at their back a farming district second to none, tenanted by a comparatively young, thrifty, and most intelligent set of men and women, who are not wasting their lives away in the great struggle for wheat, but, on



FIRST M. E. CHURCH, MORRIS.



MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

to date. Morris supports a splendid creamery, which is always an indication of thrift in a community; it has five large elevators, one of which is a farmers' co-operative establishment and is exceedingly prosperous; two substantial department stores; three feed-mills; a number of general merchandise stores, several exclusive groceries, drug-stores, jewelry establishments, and blacksmith-shops; several first-class hotels, lumber-yards, hardware and furniture stores; farm implement warehouses, butcher-shops, three weekly newspapers, one monthly, and a fine opera-house. There are numerous car penter, wagon-and paint-shops, two livery-stables, two substantial banks, and also a good number of professional, real estate, and loan men.

Morris may well boast of her fine houses of worship and schools. Five large churches, with three of the most substantial schools, speak volumes for the moral and intellectual bent of the city.

One cannot help feeling that in such an atmosphere and with such surroundings, life would be a pleasure if lived in so enterprising and so congenial a community.

GEORGE DODDS.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA SOAP-MINE.

A natural soap-mine and a paint-mine are two of the latest mineral discoveries in the Northwest. Several soda lakes have been found in the foothills near Ashcroft, B. C. Their bottoms and shores are encrusted with a natural washing compound containing borax and soda. No two analyses agree exactly as to the composition of the material. A New York analysis gives twenty-six per cent borax, while a Montreal chemist, from the same sample, gives sixteen per cent borax. An Ottawa analysis showed only a trace of borax.

Tests prove the substance to be equal to the washing-powders in common use for cleansing purposes. Trials by blacksmiths and farm workmen show that it will remove the grease and dirt quicker than soap. After many such tests a syndicate of British Columbia men has been formed to put the product on the market. One of the members is now in New York for that purpose.

About two hundred seventy-five tons of the compound have been cut and taken out of one lake. It is handled precisely as ice is handled. The blocks are more than nine inches in thickness, are sawed in blocks fifteen by eighteen inches, and weigh fifty pounds each. It is estimated that this lake alone contains twenty thousand tons, proving that the industry, if successful, will reach large proportions.

A NOVEL FISHING EXPERIMENT.—A novel experiment is to be made the coming summer by A. Booth & Company, the great packers of fish and oysters. Two carrier pigeons have been secured which will be utilized in the company's fishing industry on Lake Superior. These birds will be the parents of a colony which the company hopes to raise. The pigeons will be taken out to the fishing-grounds on the various tugs, and be released when the catch is made. In this manner the office folks will know how many fish they will have to care for several hours before the tugs arrive, and a good deal of time can be saved in arranging for either the packing or the immediate shipment of the catch.

INDIAN CAPITALISTS.—The Menominee Indians in Wisconsin are rapidly becoming capitalists. It is said that the 1,300 men, women, and children have accumulated a fund aggregating \$1,000,000, which is still growing. They expend about \$75,000 a year in logging operations, and clear \$50,000 to \$100,000.

SOME PROSPEROUS MINNESOTA TOWNS.

A little south of Central Minnesota, and bordering upon the eastern edge of South Dakota, are some of the most enterprising towns and prosperous agricultural sections in the North Star State. While many of these places are not large enough to attract general attention by means of their population alone, they combine so large a variety of winsome features that no one can pass them with indifference. It is in these cozy villages that one finds the perfect home-life, and all those conditions that are best adapted to the acquisition of both comforts and competence. Thrifty merchants, money-making creameries, well-to-do farmers and stockmen, are in evidence wherever one goes; and back of these are schools, churches, and all the social and intellectual privileges and advantages of our advanced civilization. One of the most enterprising of these towns is

BOYD,

of Lac qui Parle County, a place that has a population of about 300 intelligent and industrious people. It lies a distance of twenty miles from Madison, the county seat, in the southeast part of the county, and occupies a position peculiarly adapted to the making of a thrifty, prosperous little city above the average size. By the nearest line of railroad it is 664 miles from Chicago, 165 miles from St. Paul, the State capital, and 152 miles from Minneapolis.

The town is situated in the midst of a vast expanse of splendid rolling prairie, profusely decorated with finely cultivated farms, costly farm residences, and public improvements of every description. These magnificent farms and farm homes would charm the eye of a prince. Most of the surrounding country is composed of that grand grain, hay, and pasture land which has furnished homes of plenty and prosperity for people from all parts of the globe, and made the State of Minnesota and the entire Northwest famous everywhere.

While Boyd is not a large town, it is without doubt one of the nicest and most prosperous places the writer has ever visited; and we believe there is hardly a more desirable town in the State to locate in. The local government is administered by a mayor, town council, and a full set of local officers comprising the best and most capable citizens. It has been the subject of frequent remark, that few towns are kept more orderly than this. It is a good place to make one's home in, and the rich and beautiful country adjacent affords unsurpassed facilities for successful agriculture, dairying, stock-growing, etc.

ECHO,

Yellow Medicine County, Minn., is situated on the Watertown branch of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, about 125 miles west of Minneapolis. It is a thriving town of about 400 inhabitants, and has earned the reputation of being one of the best business towns in that part of the State.

The town is surrounded by a splendid farming country that is well adapted to diversified farming, and within the past two or three years many home-seekers from the East and other less favored portions of the country have purchased farms here. This has created a good demand for real estate, and, although a good farm can now be purchased near the town for

\$20 to \$30 per acre, the price is rising, and will soon be held at double its present value.

The country adjoining the town is quite thickly settled, and schoolhouses and churches dot the landscape in every direction. Echo is so situated as to draw trade from a large area of this country, and it is no uncommon sight to see teams upon the streets that have come a distance of fifteen to twenty-five miles.

The merchants are up to date, and have made the reputation of the town for fair dealing and good values wide-spread and certain.

It can be said that the schools are far above the average. The school-building is a beautiful modern structure erected in 1895 at a cost exceeding \$5,000. Three rooms are now occupied, and each is presided over by capable instructors. The enrollment is about 130, and the school is classed as a State graded school.

The religious element of the town is well represented, and three substantial church edifices, of the German Lutheran, German Methodist, and English Methodist faiths, respectively, now stand within the village.

As protection against fire, and to furnish a good water supply, the town has erected a waterworks plant which is ample and in every way satisfactory. There are opportunities for various lines of enterprise in Echo, and the natural enterprise of the citizens of the place will no doubt attract favorable attention from those who are looking for good investment openings.

LETITIA DALTON.

THE NEZ PERCE ENCAMPMENT.

In the dewy mountain morning,
Ere the sun has risen high,
The smoke you'll see from the white tepee,
As it curls toward the sky.
The scent of the fragrant pine-trees,
Of bush and grass now damp,
Is heavy laid in the forest shade
Near the Nez Perce Indian camp.
You hear the laugh of the women,
Sweet as a silver bell,
As they prepare the morning fare,
And merry stories tell.
You hear the cries of the hunters,
Catching their horses wild;
Not far away a pert blue jay
Looks on like a saucy child.
Now there's old Iip-Iip-Tscheikim,
Chief of the band, by right—
Full three score ten or more, I ken,
For his hair is very white.
He knows these time-scarred mountains—
Old, honored friends they look,
Each seeming change in lofty range
To him an open book.
But the morning meal is ready;
Then the chief a grace repeats.
Each bows his head, in thanks for bread,
To God before he eats.
From out behind a shrouded peak,
The new-day sun doth throw
A dazzling light that glitters bright
Across the all-year snow.

So now the band is ready,
Their journey just begun;

The pert blue jay in the new-born day

Laughs with the morning sun.

Old Iip-Iip-Tscheikim goes ahead,

Toward the lower vale;

Their cries come clear, they disappear

Down the winding trail.

J. B. RICE.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

Fair, fragile flower! The firstling of the year!
Though chill and wild old Boreas doth blow.
And earth is decked with coverlet of snow,
Thou liftest thy meek head without a fear,
And smilest, though the skies be dark and drear.
Thou answerest the question men would know;
And ever, if to listen we bend low,
From thy mute lips this precious truth we hear:
"If man die, he shall surely live again."
The same dear God who wakes from their long sleep
The flowers that through the wintry hours have lain
In earth's cold bosom, will in safety keep
His own, from death's long slumber break the chain
And wake them to Heaven's joys so calm and deep.

MINNIE A. GREENER.

HURRIED GLIMPSES OF BUTTE AND GARNET, MONT.

By E. A. Evans.

During a recent visit to Butte, Mont., a place I was very desirous of inspecting from every point of view, I succeeded after considerable labor in reaching one of the best vantage grounds in the vicinity. Above me on another point was a small village of one-story houses, such as you see in most instances all over Butte. The two-and three-story buildings are the exception; only the homes of the wealthy tower above the cottages. But these cottages are the coziest little homes one can imagine. They are built of red brick, with the end forming a circular or bay window on the street, a wing extending further back, with a wide porch running the whole length. The architecture of the city is most delightfully surprising. Here, is nothing less than a Venetian cottage or villa—with its terrace, overhanging windows, and solid masonry beneath; this one copies the Dutch; and here is a whole street that might have been built along one of the lake shores in Switzerland.

As I stood on this point, the brass knob of the court-house was just on a level with my eyes. The horizon was bordered with smokestacks from smelters, mine-hoists, and so forth, pouring out their clouds of smoke. Below me lay the larger half of Butte, its red-brick houses glowing in the sunshine; its steeples and towers standing out from a score of churches; its 200 streets and avenues extending in all directions. Underneath and around Butte is a vast labyrinth of mines—not less in number than the streets and avenues above them. It is hard to realize that it is little more than a score of years since the first successful smelter was worked there, and attention turned from its placer mining to the rich deposits of copper, which seem to exist everywhere. Since then the hundreds of millions Butte has added to the wealth of the world has given it a reputation beyond that of Golconda.

The past season the building operations exceeded half a million of dollars in value. The large fire-proof department store of Henessey, costing \$300,000; the Florence Hotel, which cost \$95,000, and the annex to St. James' Hospital, built at an expenditure of \$35,000, are among some of the notable improvements. One school building has been erected, also numerous dwelling-houses. W. A. Clarke was building a \$40,000 brick mansion on West Granite Street, and tenement houses were going up in many localities. But the most significant feature in the make-up of this city of mines is the number and size of her public school buildings, and her free library. There are eighteen buildings in which school is now held, and three more are contemplated for another year. There is the St. Patrick's Parochial School, also, which has an attendance of nearly 1,000. The high school alone has an attendance of over 300—the seventh and eighth grades bringing the attendance up to 500. The entire school enrollment is about 5,500.

Then the free library, in its beautiful three-story brick building, ornamented with granite and carved bricks, and built at a cost of \$100,000—with a well-assorted list of 22,000 books, speaks volumes for the intellectual interest manifested by Butte miners in the world of

letters. The large, well-lighted reading-room seems well patronized—not only for the perusal of daily papers and weekly and monthly periodicals, of which there seems an unlimited number, but, as their records show, 4,000 books were read there during the past year, and 120,000 books were circulated during the same time. It is not from the frequenters of libraries and reading-rooms that a city draws her disorderly and criminal list. It is the only place where the lounger appears to advantage. The place can never offer too many attractions to the young, as a well-established reading habit is one of the very best habits to form—one that is seldom forsaken for the barroom or pool table.

Butte has a dozen papers, six banks, four opera-houses, nine hospitals, and many other modern conveniences and advantages worthy of a progressive Montana city, but what it needs above anything else is the prompt abatement of the smoke nuisance from the great smelters. There is great wealth there, and large enterprise, but these count as naught against public health. It can only be a short time before the gigantic corporations that practically control the city's affairs shall recognize the necessity of so regulating the smoke nuisance that citizens can breathe an unpolluted air, as they do in that other city of smelters—Great Falls. Butte is a grand illustration of the power of capital and human energy over rugged nature—a notable monument to the wonderful progress that has been made in the mining industry of this young State—an almost unequalled example of city-building in the midst of such stupendous natural obstacles. What I say of it is but a paragraph compared with what might be written, nevertheless these few lines will perhaps afford a glimpse of this Montana city of mines, smelters, cottages, and great commercial interests.

GARNET.

Have you ever been in Garnet? If not, you should go there. In the first place, it is situated upon a mountain top—a probable elevation of 6,000 feet, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains; secondly, the drive through Bearmouth Gulch, one of the narrowest and most rocky of canyons, is beautiful in the extreme. Especially must it be so in summer weather.

It was our lot to go up the canyon when the snow lay several inches deep, and the twelve miles from Bearmouth was made by open stages drawn by four horses. Placer mining is being carried on all through this gulch, and the long boxes for this purpose are carried through mountains and over valleys, and present a picturesque appearance in the unbroken solitude of the gulch. The mountains are covered with a dense growth of pine, except, perhaps, one or two; and as the road winds along, the horses begin to slow up. It is constantly growing steeper. At last Garnet Mountain is directly in front of us, but it is still four miles to the summit. We wind about on the mountain and are met by a sleigh-load of four, who rein out to the very edge of the road. Then we meet a four-horse team, with the sled piled so full of sacks of ore that we must twist around

them—and so on up the mountain until, at last, we are at the top!

It is a short story, now, until I am started on a tour of the mines, which, through the genial courtesy of the different owners, and under their intelligent guidance I am permitted to inspect. They show me every detail of the engineer's craft in following a "lead," as well as the different mechanical inventions by which the arduous work of the miner is lessened, and the huge loads of ore lifted to the surface. The Nancy Hanks, the first visited, is one of the most promising just now, and the owner has recently refused an offer of \$200,000 for it, thinking half a million little enough. After waiting thirty years, getting discouraged and bankrupt time and again, at last, a little more than a year ago, a vein of ore was reached. Since then the mine has paid well, the ore running \$120 to \$200 per ton; and the deeper they go, the richer it seems to get.

How can I describe that trip through the mines? Here, so abrupt is the descent that the owner stops and lifts me down; now so low are the supporting timbers that the poor head suffers in the semi-darkness. The entrance to the mine is a perpendicular shaft of nearly 200 feet. We are at first decked out in long canvas coats and old hats; then, standing on the edge of the barrel in which ore is brought from the mine, we descend into the darkness. Each has a lighted candle, and we move along inspecting the different veins or leads—here, enough copper to give a rich green color to the ore; there, iron and other things predominating, until we are surprised at the wealth buried in these walls of granite. Once in a while a beautiful white quartz rock appears, which is the richest ore found in gold and silver.

At the Lead King, Doctor Mussigbrod very plainly showed, by means of a simple diagram, their theory of how veins run—and their depth, extent, etc. Under such circumstances they will have an immensely rich country. This Doctor Mussigbrod, by the way, is a very pleasant gentleman about thirty-five years of age, a graduate of the schools of philosophy in Berlin, Leipzig, Cologne, and several other famous schools. He is now devoting himself to developing his mines, letting or leasing them out to the miners, who pay a royalty as soon as actual mining commences. Here they have built a crushing-mill, where the rocky ore is first crushed, then washed, and a good yield of gold obtained from what was simply refuse before. The immense hopper is built away up the side hill, to which the ore from the mines must be hoisted; but it is hauled on sleds from the other mines farther up the mountain. From the hopper it goes over sieves, which let the finer ore through into crushing-wheels, and further on it is pounded by ten iron stamps, worked by steam, when the now fine powder is received on four plates, where running water washes away the refuse and leaves the mineral deposit behind. This is then spread out on evaporators, where it is again rendered into dry dust, which is now very valuable. From here it is taken to the assay office—where Doctor Borgnis, another German philosopher, extracts, by chemical process, the pure gold from its surroundings.

From this mine I went to the International with Mr. Parker, who is working it, to see some new and expensive machinery he has been putting in, called the Rand drill, worked by compressed air. The air is compressed, by machines and engines for that purpose, up above and sent down into the mine in tubes to the drill, which does the work of fifteen men. The drill has four grooves extending lengthwise, and is kept rapidly revolving while working,

giving it the effect of an auger or boring-machine.

After visiting the Shamrock with a lady friend and her husband, under the guidance of the owner, Mr. McDermett, we were quite satisfied that we understood mining in all its details, a conclusion which my readers will no doubt laugh over. Especially were we satisfied with the feat of working our way through openings too small and low for any egress except the supine, climbing through a new inclined shaft put down through the solid rock, nearly 300 feet, at a cost of \$5,000. This mine has a building about seventy-five feet in length for machinery and work above the ground. To prove the saying—"A miss is as good as a mile," the owner of this mine showed where he sunk his first shaft, not four feet from the rich vein they are working now. After abandoning the mine for nearly a year, from lack of funds, they are now reaping a rich harvest. Several car-loads shipped a short time ago netted them \$33,000, and the refuse is now being worked by the mill at a profit of \$150 per day to them. But the hard work, the patience, and the endurance shown in the tunnels through solid granite, and the mighty timbers wedged into place to support the weight from above, many of which are crushed—telescoped, right into themselves by the enormous pressure, all show the immense value placed upon these precious metals.

"Gems of price are deeply hidden,
'Neath the rugged rocks concealed;
What would ne'er come forth unbidden,
To thy search may be revealed."

They have commenced on the mountain tops. Their theory is, Doctor Mussigbrod says, that the vein is as deep as it is long. They have traced this vein for three miles. In sinking to follow the vein, it often (as at the Nancy Hanks) fills in with water, just as they reach the finest ore. Here a well, over fifty feet deep, is so transparent that the bottom can be seen when the mine is quiet. Now they must put in pumping apparatus, to draw the water out faster than it flows in, before they can proceed.

The miners have brought their families to the scene of action, and from the abundant pine and tamarack have built cozy little homes on the mountain's brow. With nothing above them but the blue sky, and only precious things beneath their feet, they think that theirs is the noblest calling on earth. But here, as elsewhere, are the sharks that follow the workers to reap the harvest of gold by deadening the intellect with their poisonous drinks, and offering gaming-tables for recreation after the hard labor of the day.

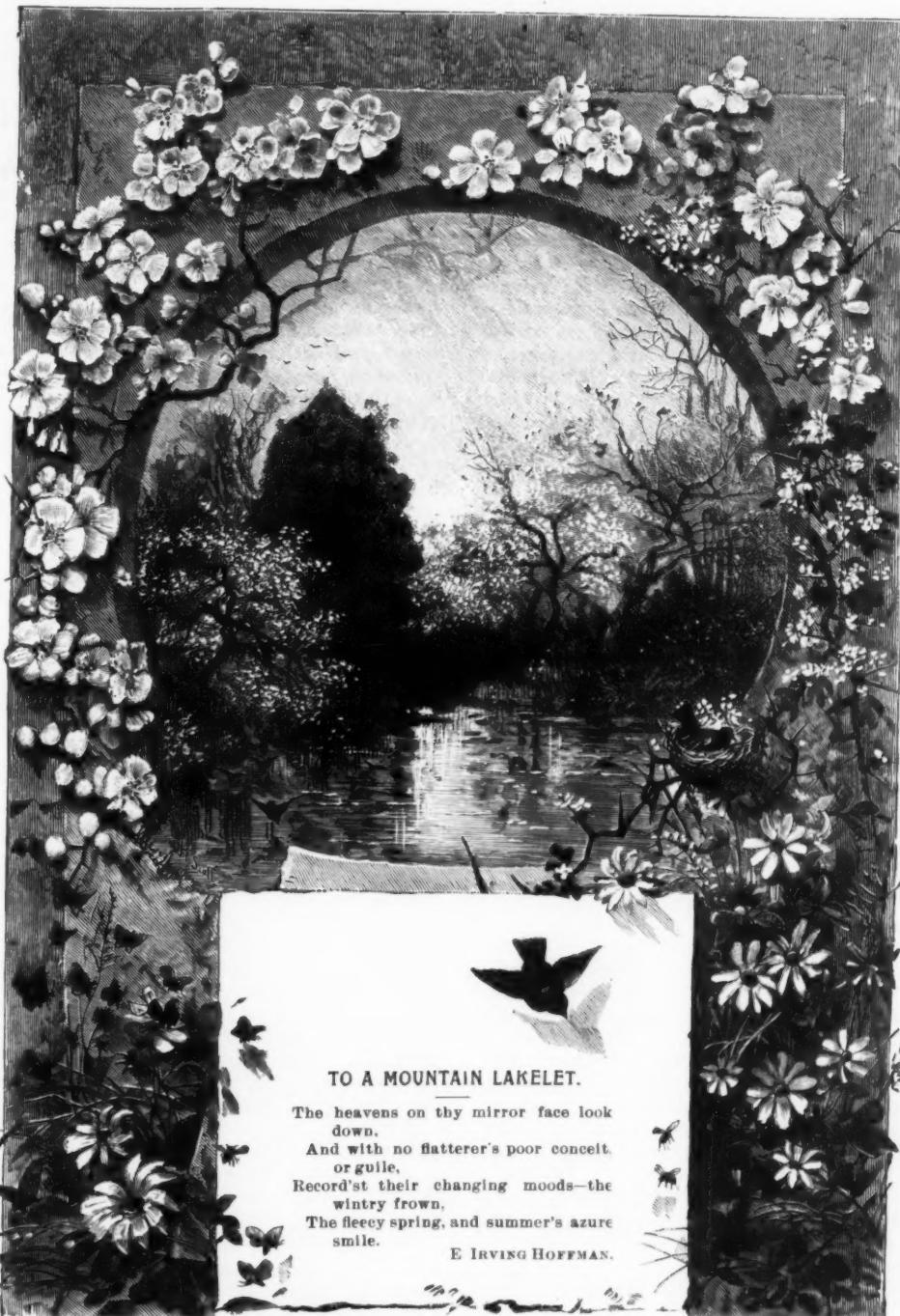
POVERTY NO CRIME.

It sounded like the old, old story—"picked up drunk, and run in."

As the officer finished, Justice Mattison leaned listlessly back in his chair and wearily closed his eyes, expecting to have the usual pleas for pardon and the usual promises never to touch another drop. There came, instead, just two words, piteously spoken:

"Yer honor?"

The justice opened his eyes. He then saw what he had not noticed before, that her face was pinched and wrinkled, and that she wore a rusty black dress and a little gray shawl over her head, pinned beneath her chin. He also saw that her hands and face were clean.



TO A MOUNTAIN LAKELET.

The heavens on thy mirror face look down.
And with no flatterer's poor conceit,
or guile,
Record'st their changing moods—the
wintry frown,
The fleecy spring, and summer's azure
smile.

E IRVING HOFFMAN.

"Yer honor, I vas not dhrunk," she said, looking imploringly at the justice out of her dim, gray eyes.

"But the officer says he found you unconscious in a doorway."

In the court, unconsciousness is of but one kind.

"But I vas not dhrunk; I shust fall down," she explained, beginning to tremble violently, like one with the chills.

A knowing look passed over the faces of the policemen about the desk. 'Fall down'—that was a likely story. The man who had arrested her grinned.

"I vas so weak I falls," she went on, in a voice so broken by the vibrations of her body that it could scarcely be understood. "Dree weeks ago I shust get out from der hospital. I look for von friend yesterday, und ven I comes to der doorway I can stand up no more. I vas so weak I falls down, und I can not get up."

Justice Mattison looked critically at the thin

brown hair, just showing beneath the shawl, neatly parted and brushed closely down; at the hands twisting in and out of each other; at the broad German face, with its gray eyes. Poverty was evident in every feature. So was honesty.

"Yer honor, I vas not dhrunk," she repeated. Justice Mattison thought so, too, and when he said so, a great broad smile came over her face, and still illuminated it as she rheumatically hobbled out through the swinging doors.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

HAPPY SNOWBIRDS.—After a snow-storm in some of the cities in Minnesota, the snowbirds gather in such numbers that one wonders where they can possibly come from. They are known to make their homes in big drifts, burrowing therein just as sand-sparrows burrow in gravelly cliffs, and they keep up a continual chattering that would seem to indicate bird happiness and contentment.

IN THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.

By E. A. Evans.

Extending south, through Eastern Washington and Western Idaho, is a rich country called the Palouse. It derives its name from a rapid little stream that tumbles down the canyon, which in turn was named from the Palouse Indians, who formerly lived along its banks.

The Palouse Country is already well known for its marvelous production of fruits, vegetables, wheat and other cereals. Fruit is produced not only more abundantly than in other countries, and of better size and flavor, but, owing to the cold nights, the insects which usually infest orchards are kept from working, and the fruit is therefore almost insect proof. Pippins have been kept through two winters, as a test of their keeping qualities.

Everywhere on the uplands is the same story of fertile soil, producing abundantly year after year, without rest or change. No irrigation is needed, as one who has been here during the rainy season will never doubt; and there are those who say that this moisture lasts the year through.

The little streams that flow through this country have immense canyons, and it is through these canyons that the railroads traverse the country; consequently many of the villages stretch along the narrow cuts—in some places not more than two blocks wide, and homes are built upon the hillsides. To a person who has been used to an unlimited range of vision, some of these shut-in towns seem like a prison. But they are warm and cozy and the choicest fruits can be raised on the slopes.

Colfax, in Washington, with its 2,500 people, is one of the largest business places, while Gar-

field and Farmington, also in Washington, and Moscow, Lewiston, and Kendrick, in Idaho, are names synonymous with rich grain-fields, and elevators filled to overflowing with the best of flour wheat. Stories of the size and quality of the fruits and vegetables grown in these localities would certainly be doubted by Easterners, were they not verified by photographs and by preserved specimens put up handsomely in glass jars. One sees gooseberries as large as plums, and cherries so thickly set upon the

man County and vicinity which makes the question of sugar-production only one of capital. The farmers are ready to raise the beets. Sweet potatoes seem to be a remarkably successful crop, also. Many of them will measure nine to eleven inches in length, while twenty-four ordinary white potatoes will weigh sixty pounds. Thirty-two onions have weighed fifty pounds. These almost sensational growths result from the unusually large supply of moisture, and from the warm climate.

On the rolling uplands, far above the heads of the villagers, are the wonderful wheat-fields, which have yielded twenty-five successive crops without failure and without diminution of quantity. This fine soil, free from grit, appears to be of the same kind as that in the North of China, which has been cultivated 4,000 years, and still remains unchanged.

The farmers have a novel way of marketing their grain. As the hills are very steep, they have built chutes down to the elevators along the railway track, through which the grain descends to the warehouses. Some of these chutes are half a mile long. Last year Garfield shipped over half a million bushels of wheat and fifty-two car-loads of apples.

While a good deal of the small fruit was destroyed from lack of shipping facilities and evaporators, Farmington shipped forty carloads of apples last year, and had eleven warehouses and elevators along the two railway lines filled with wheat, which the farmers refused to sell for

forty-five cents a bushel. Farmers are going extensively into fruit. Large orchards of apples, pears, prunes, apricots, and nectarines may be seen everywhere. Cherries are one of the best-paying fruits, and soonest raised. At five years of age each cherry-tree begins to yield \$5 worth per annum to its owner. Handsome returns are realized from prune orchards, too. One prune farm of eighty acres, near Colfax, sold 36,000 pounds of fruit last year, about one-half the crop.

The schools are well sustained, and afford all



WASHINGTON STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, PULLMAN.

branches that they disappear entirely. Strawberries grow larger than apricots, and Bartlett pears six inches long, beautifully oval, and golden in color, are not unusual. Peaches there are—such as I have seen in no other country. And grapes!—the clusters must have been such as the Israelites brought back from the Land of Canaan.

Vegetables, while attaining immense size, do not lose their flavor, nor do they seem coarser than the smaller sizes—grown in the East. Sugar-beets have attained a success in Whit-



BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON THE PALOUSE RIVER.



THE FAMOUS MARTHA WASHINGTON ROCK, NEAR COLFAX.
In the distance is seen a stretch of the fertile, hilly region known as the Palouse.

the facilities for higher education. There is an agricultural college at Pullman, a college at Colfax, a State University at Moscow, and public schools and high schools in every place visited.

Business is good in all parts of this country. In most places the banking business is represented by two or three firms, all doing well. Whitman County contains over 2,000 square miles, and the whole Palouse Country is about the size of Massachusetts and would support a similar population, which would be about one hundred times the number of inhabitants now here. People who have endured the rigors of a New England or of a Middle Western winter are delighted with the mild climate, and never turn back. They find a soil where to plow and sow is all that is necessary to reap abundant harvest. Any fruit that is produced in temperate zones elsewhere, grows luxuriantly here.

A GREAT HEALTH RESORT.

The most popular resorts for health and pleasure in the latter part of the winter and the early spring are now the Hot Springs of Arkansas, in the West, and the Virginia Hot Springs in the East. The latter place has only been brought into notice in very recent years by the building of a branch railroad to it from Covington, on the Chesapeake & Ohio trunk line, and by the erection of an enormous hotel called "The Homestead," which is one of the biggest and most comfortable of all the watering-place hotels in the country. "The Homestead" is crowded during February, March, and April with a throng of elegant people from Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, New York, and from all parts of the South. These people have good manners and dress handsomely, and to be among them is to feel that you are in good society. Probably half of them have some ailment, or imagine that they have. It is singular that there should be no well people among the rich. As soon as a man makes a fortune, he discovers that his liver is out of order, or that certain twinges that he never noticed when he was busy making money are the premonitions of gout, and his doctor humors him by sending him to some health resort, where he bathes often, eats carefully, walks about a good deal, plays golf, takes horseback rides, goes to bed early, and drinks only the mineral waters. In a few weeks he finds himself a new man, and he goes home to tell all his friends of his wonderful cure.

The Virginia Hot Springs are especially suited to these rich invalids. In the big hotel are luxurious suites of rooms, with baths attached; separate billiard-rooms for men and women; a casino where an orchestra plays twice a day; a bath-house, reached under cover from the hotel, where all sorts of baths and "treatments" are given; and a special bill of fare at the table, arranged for people who are dieting. Then there are piazzas for sun-baths; long, wide halls for indoor promenades; big parlors, where the women can show their new toilettes to advantage—and many of them are certainly worth showing and well worth seeing; a golf club, composed of hotel guests; horses for riding, and all sorts of carriages for driving to interesting points in the mountains.

The springs are on the eastern slope of the main range of the Alleghanies, and are only about four hundred feet below the actual backbone of the range. The hotel is owned by a company of capitalists interested in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at the head of which is M. E. Ingalls of Cincinnati, and they spent a million dollars on the building and furniture, the grounds and the springs, before they got a dollar back. Now they are making ten to

twelve per cent a year on their total investment, and are satisfied that they have one of the very best-paying hotel properties in the United States. They are fortunate in having a resort to which it is both pleasant and fashionable to go in any month of the year. The winters are so much milder than in the North that Northern people stop at the Springs on their way to Florida, and the summers are a great deal cooler than in the Atlantic Coast cities.

There are a number of mineral-spring resorts in this vicinity. The old White Sulphur is about twenty miles distant and is still much frequented in the summer by Southerners, and the Warm Springs and the Healing Springs are close at hand. Each attracts a throng of guests, but the Hot Springs are far in the lead. The older springs have only such hotel and bath accommodations as were thought to be good enough before the war, while the Hot Springs hotel has every modern improvement and luxury. It takes care of five hundred guests at a time without crowding anybody, and many thousands visit it in the course of a year. You can leave Cincinnati in the morning and arrive

while, but anglers were not at liberty to catch trout in Michigan until after May 1. The best of the season is yet to come, however; for in trout-fishing the most successful anglers try to avoid either extreme of the season.

Doubtless the quickest, cheapest, and easiest way to reach these fishing-grounds is via the popular "Soo Line." Poskin Lake, in Wisconsin, is only eighty-five miles from the Twin Cities, and in Hay River, two miles from the station, is an excellent trout-stream. Other choice trout resorts are found in the vicinity of Barron, Wis., ninety-one miles from the Twin Cities. Eight miles from the town are Lower and Upper Pine rivers, and in the same region are Hickey, Brown's, Johnston's, Cranberry, Dougherty, and Prairie Farm creeks, all full of trout and delightfully picturesque in environment. You can find good accommodations at Barron, or at Foster's Hotel and Dallas Mills. A few weeks ago a party of Minneapolis gentlemen caught 500 beauties, in the streams mentioned, within two days.

If you care to go a little farther, Woodboro, Wis., will furnish satisfactory fishing. It is 208 miles from Minneapolis and St. Paul, and



TROUT-FISHING ALONG THE "SOO LINE" IN WISCONSIN.

at the Springs the same evening; and the time from New York is just the same. Whether you come from the east or the west, the scenery along the route is peculiarly interesting. Coming from the west, the railroad skirts the bank of the Ohio up to the mouth of the Kanawha, and follows the Kanawha and its affluent, the New River, through wild Alleghany scenery up to the crest of the mountains. Coming from the east, you run across the historic battle region of Virginia, go over the Blue Ridge, cross the Valley of Virginia at Staunton, and then climb the main range of the Alleghanies. There is scarcely a mile of the road that does not possess some special interest for the tourist.

E. V. S.

ANGLING FOR SPECKLED BEAUTIES.

This is the time of year when the lover of outdoor sports takes down his rod, oils his lines, adjusts his reel, and prepares his flies for the annual spring jaunt along the famous trout-streams in Michigan and Wisconsin. It has been "open season" in Wisconsin for quite a

the trout-streams par excellence are two in number. There are no hotel accommodations here, but ideal camping-grounds. There is also fine trout-fishing at Kirton, some 276 miles distant, and in the same State. A good hotel will be found at Dunbar, four miles beyond.

A noted trout point in Michigan is Engadine, 422 miles from the Twin Cities, where Mille Coquin and Crow rivers produce some of the finest trout in North America. There are boats and guides for all who wish them, and agreeable surroundings.

The pure, cool air of the great pine woods is an excellent remedy for the debility that comes from overwork and from the excessive heats of great cities. If you want to get well and strong give a few weeks to camping out.

The "Soo Line" runs direct to these resorts, and its magnificent facilities and equipments are such that its patrons find a ride over its roadbed a source of comfort and delight. For full particulars those interested should address W. R. Callaway, general ticket and passenger agent, Minneapolis, Minn.



To Polish Floors.

Here is an excellent floor polish, the recipe for which comes from Japan: To one pint of linseed oil add a pint of strong, cold tea, two ounces of spirits of salts, and the whites of two eggs. Mix thoroughly, and pour into a large bottle. Shake the bottle well before applying the polish. Pour half a teaspoonful on a mop or a pad of old soft silk, and rub the wood with it, following up the grain. Polish with an old silk handkerchief. The result will compensate for the tedious and careful labor necessary.

Sweet Oil for the Toilet.

Did you ever suffer torment from a shoe that was tight in one spot? Here is a remedy for it, says the *Philadelphia Times*. Apply sweet oil to the stockings, where the rub comes. It is better than applying to the boot, because it softens the inside of the boot, where it is needed, instead of the outside.

Sweet oil is an excellent household companion. It heals burns and bruises. Used in the form of baths, it feeds the skin, prevents colds, and gives flexibility to the muscles.

Delicate people derive the greatest benefit from being rubbed with olive oil; and for fragile children it is invaluable, especially where there is any tendency to weakness of the chest.

A soft corn may be cured by placing a tuft of cotton wool, saturated with olive oil, between the toes and renewing it every day. The corn will soon disappear.

When the hair is dry and brittle, and easily breaks off when brushed, a little olive oil well rubbed into the scalp every night will give nutriment to the hair glands and strengthen and increase the growth.

Marriage Maxims.

Never marry except for love.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Never allow a request to be repeated.
Never meet without a loving welcome.
Never both be angry at the same time.
Never forget to let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.
Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.
Never neglect one another; rather neglect the whole world besides.
Never make a remark at the expense of the other—it is meanness.
Never be "stubborn," but let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness.

Never forget that the nearest approach to perfect domestic happiness on earth is the cultivation, on both sides, of absolute unselfishness.

A Lesson in Gentleness.

Judging from the number and nature of bundles he had piled all over the seat in the South Side "L" train, the *Helena (Mont.) Independent* observes, the man was a family man. He had children of his own, also, for some of

the things unmistakably proved this. He appeared to be prosperous, aggressive, and respectable. He was absorbed in an evening paper when a woman with a young child entered and took a seat on the opposite side of the car. The man read on, interrupting the sentences with frequent disagreeable barks and hawking. He was quite noisy in his demonstrations, and many passengers near him glanced in annoyance in his direction.

The child was tired and fretful. It wriggled about, and finally broke out into a wail. The mother hushed it as well as she could, but the little one was apparently hungry, sleepy, and full of tears. The man with the paper heard the wails, and looked over his paper with a heavy frown. This scene was enacted several times, the frown growing more severe with each repetition. At last the man broke out thus:

"It's mighty queer that a woman will insist in bringing a squalling kid on a crowded train, to the annoyance of everybody else. Great Scott! these cars are nuisance enough in themselves, without having bawling babies and mothers singing lullabys added to the general misery."

"Did you ever hear any baby cries at home, sir?" asked the woman, who had overheard him.

"I have, madam," he snapped in reply; "and you bet I keep 'em there. I don't let 'em yell like that, or I give 'em something to yell for."

"Did your wife ever tell you that you were a brute?" was the quiet rejoinder.

The man with the paper flushed a rosy red, sank behind his paper, and possessed himself in silence for the rest of the trip.

Paragraphs Worth Reading.

When cayenne pepper is not mixed with the thickening for soup, grind it down with the back of a spoon and stir a little liquid to it before it is thrown into the pot, as it is apt to remain in lumps, which will cause irritation of the throat when swallowed.

To the woman who values her personal appearance, a pair of chamois gloves are a boon and a blessing during the housecleaning periods. They save the hands greatly, can be worn until soiled, and then, washed in tepid water and soapsuds, are just as good as ever.

Pour the white of an egg over a burn or scald, for nothing is more soothing. It makes the softest varnish, and, being always at hand, can be applied immediately. Anything which excludes air from a burn, and prevents inflammation, is the best thing to apply at once.

Chicken tea is generally given in cases of debility after fevers and at the commencement of convalescence. To make it, cut up a chicken into small pieces, skin it carefully, remove any fat which may be visible; boil twenty minutes in a quart of water, pour the broth away from the meat before it gets cold, and add salt to the taste.

If the family, particularly its younger members, grow tired of the wholesome and economical bread-pudding as it is usually served, try cooking it in custard cups. These are first buttered and then filled with the pudding. Bake them standing in a pan of hot water. Cover each with a spoonful of red jelly and a meringue. In this form the despised pudding will take a new lease of life.

One of the most popular simples "for spring war" formerly, says the *Woman's Home Companion*, was hop tea—a pungent, but by no means unpalatable, drink. One cupful just before going to bed was said to insure good sleep and to rouse the liver to action—so clearing the clogged system—the "treatment" to be continued a month or six weeks. A trial of this remedy is decidedly convincing. To make, to

one "good pinch" (one third of a cupful) of loose hops add one pint of cold water; steep in a granite saucepan fifteen minutes, and then strain.

Some Homely Truths.

How many of us resolve to do some particularly good or noble act "when we get time?" We rush on from day to day promising ourselves the fulfillment of honest intention, yet the time slips by and we never seem to find that opportunity for good that is always just a wee bit ahead of us in the future. "When I get time," says the young mother, "I will train Jamie to be more courteous." "When I get time," says the growing daughter, "I will relieve mother of some of her burdens." "When I get time," says the wife, "I will read and dress up and try to make myself more congenial to my husband."

Alas, so few of us find the time. Jamie goes on growing more and more unbearable every day, and when at last he has grown beyond the training habit, and his mother sorrowfully recognizes the fact that he is a boor whom nobody can tolerate, she wishes with all her heart that she had taken time to mend his ways when the one moral stitch would have done more good than the nine taken when the hole in his manners was beyond repair.

The daughter hasn't the time to help her mother. She means well; she often worries as she sees the dear person growing more and more feeble, but it is not until that mother has exchanged time for eternity that she realizes all she could have done if she had only taken a few moments from the selfish routine of her own existence and applied them to lessening the labor in another's.

So with the wife—she hasn't the time to fix up, she hasn't the time to keep herself well informed, and when the husband naturally wanders to fields more congenial, she rebukes herself for not having stolen a few moments from her other home duties to give to the first and foremost exactions of her domestic life.

We haven't the time to do so much that would not only benefit ourselves, but others as well; yet we have the time to enter into a dozen and more enterprises and schemes that, like boomerangs, return to injure us.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The Disease of Nervousness.

The new woman is one of the results of nervousness. She may be a superior woman, as it is called, reaching out after novel experiences and invading unconventional fields. While all advanced women are not nervous women, their followers usually are. The difference may not be observable at first, but it is usually determined in the end by success or non-success. The successful woman in a novel sphere may be accepted as guided by her reason and impelled by a strong will. The merely nervous woman is attracted by the excitement of novelty, but has not the necessary sustaining power.

The worst form, and fortunately the most rare, is the sensuously nervous woman. She is the terror of the pathologist, and the most profitable patient for the commercial physician. Such a woman is well endowed with guile, and is extremely diplomatic. In the more aggravated form she becomes unscrupulous and unconsciously mendacious. It is not profitable to pursue the unpleasant and even revolting forms of this type, whose eccentricities may run to any extreme.

The more frequent and saddest phase of the infirmity is to be found in connection with full possession of the virtues. It sometimes manifests itself in morbid sympathy with sensational crime, but more often in extreme jeal-

ousy, exactingness, and sensitiveness to fancied slights. Mothers comprehend it better than husbands; and many wives are martyrs to its effects without knowing the cause.

The more aggravated forms have been included within the scope of the specialist in mental diseases, but the complaint in its everyday and temperate form is no less deserving of the best efforts of pathology, and he will be a greater physician than Jenner or Harvey, than Koch or Roentgen, who shall confer upon humanity a knowledge of the origin and treatment of nervousness in women. It will do more to advance the progress of the human race, whose whole destiny is influenced by maternal

woman cannot be an active business woman and an office-holder, and a good mother at the same time. Neither can she, it is quite as true, give her whole time to society and be a good mother. Children's minds are like wax, and they receive and retain impressions made in early years. The mother who leaves her little ones with servants, however excellent, ten waking hours of twelve, for any cause, is doing the nation a greater harm than she can ever remedy by modifying or expanding its laws for her own sex.

Motherhood should be a profession in itself. It strikes me that if laws are passed to benefit women, it would be an excellent idea to make

name her lover bears becomes a thousand-fold dearer to her than her own.

To most famous women, indeed, it seems to me that the shelter which the husband's name at times may afford her from the glare of publicity must be most welcome and restful. The womanly woman, no matter how many laurels she may have won, must at times shrink from forever appearing in public or private with the wreath on her brow. She likes at times to take it off and wear a bonnet and a veil, and be just her husband's wife.

The Eyebrows and Eyelashes.

An authority on such things says that it is really wonderful to see how very little attention is bestowed, as a rule, on the eyebrows and the lashes. A woman will worry herself thin and make the lives of her household unendurable if her hair is falling off or if she has a pimple on her chin, but she pays less than no regard to the state of any other part of her face. As long as there are enough lashes to protect the eyes, and the eyebrows are thick enough to make their presence known, she rests content—unaware, perhaps, that much of the attractiveness of her face entirely depends on these minor points that she seems to despise.

Not everyone possesses that delicate, high-arched curve that is the height of perfection in an eyebrow, or the long, curling lashes without which no heroine of fiction ever yet was complete. As a rule, scantiness of hair characterizes the one, and short stubbiness the other. A great deal of this unloveliness is owing to the lack of care which nurses and mothers take of their children's appearance, and the stupid habits they let a child get into regarding them.

Eyebrows to be perfect should be slightly arched, and the hair of the same length and softness. It should not be too bushy, or it makes us look unduly fierce and masculine; nor too scanty, so that we look characterless and insipid. The color should be a shade darker than the hair.

The brows must never be rubbed or brushed except from the roots to the ends. Some people contract a bad habit in childhood of rubbing them the other way, and the effect is both grotesque and painful to behold. The hairs will never after lie as flat as they ought to do, and bristle in unexpected places. A tiny comb and brush should be used daily on them to keep them soft and smooth. They should be most carefully washed every day, and the same care must be taken about the direction they are rubbed in. They should have vaseline gently smoothed over them once or twice a week. This will keep them in perfect health, and serve to strengthen and thicken them. Where they are very scanty and coming out very much, there is nothing better to use than a few drops of castor-oil in a little paraffine.

They are sometimes apt to get a little scuffy. When this is the case, vaseline must be put on the spot, and it must be bathed with hot water and a little Vinolia soap till it is cured. On no account must it be rubbed.

Eyelashes should be long and curling, and when they are like this, they are most attractive and bewitching. A child's lashes may be slightly clipped now and then at the extreme points, and will be longer and better in consequence. But this should never be done when a person grows older, as the only effect it has then is to make them coarse and stubby.

Vaseline rubbed on every few nights keeps the lashes in good order, and will prevent them sticking together on waking.

All "make-up" near the eyes is very dangerous to the sight, so no cosmetics or darkening pomades must be allowed to touch the lashes.



CONNING A FIRST LESSON.

infirmities, than any merely physical affliction. Psychology is compelled to take it into account, yet it is probably of easier disclosure than mental disease. This seems the more likely, as physicians declare it to be alarmingly on the increase, especially among American women, whose intellectual power, virtue, and physical development has never been surpassed, and whose equal can only be found in the women of ancient Greece.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

"New Women" Not Good Mothers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that the most brilliant people may argue for a thousand years on the subject of the "new woman," but they never can argue down the point that a

law allowing sworn spinsters, childless widows, and women past the maternity period only to hold office or to attend to business outside the home.

The very worst phase of the "new woman" movement is its emasculating tendency on men. Heaven help us when men begin to sink their identity in women, and even take the wife's name in marriage! Heaven help the man who is willing to be "loved" by any woman in that sort of way.

There can be no emotion in a woman's heart worthy of the name of love when she is unwilling to take her husband's name. However famous she may be, and however hard she may have toiled to make her name celebrated—the

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ST. PAUL, MAY, 1899.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION.

It will be interesting, when the returns of the census of 1900 are made up, to see where the center of population is then shown to be located. In 1860 it was near Athens, in Southern Ohio. In 1870 it had moved westward to the neighborhood of Hamilton, Ohio. In 1880 it was in Southern Indiana, near the Ohio line. In 1890 it still rested in Indiana, but had again moved westward. Probably the census of 1900 will show it to be somewhere in Southern Illinois, and we expect that it will have swerved a little northward from a line running due west from its last location.

When the late Gen. Francis H. Walker was superintendent of the census, he explained the method of ascertaining the center of population somewhat as follows: Upon an imaginary board, shaped exactly like a map of the United States, and having no weight, the population is grouped in accordance with the distribution shown by the census returns. Each inhabitant is supposed to have exactly the same weight. Then the point at which the board balances is the center of population. Whether the people of our Philippine and West India possessions are to be included in making the new calculation, is an interesting question for Director Merriam to decide. If the Philippines are included, the center of population will make a long jump to the southwest, and this movement will be only in part counteracted by the weight of the inhabitants of Cuba and Porto Rico. The center is not likely to cross the Mississippi River, however, in any case. The growth of Minnesota and the Dakotas will probably about counterbalance that of Texas and Oklahoma; so that we need not expect a variance to the south from the line of march which has been almost due westward for the past half-century. There has always been a much larger area of territory south of the cen-

ter than north of it, but population in the South increases much less rapidly than in the North.

In percentage of gain in population during the past decade, we expect to see Minnesota stand near the head of the list of States. Our rural population has increased heavily since 1890, but our city population has not gained much in numbers. For the first half of the decade the population of our three chief cities actually retrograded, but during the last half of the decennial period there has been a forward movement in each of them—not rapid, but steady. This will no doubt be accelerated during the next decade. The minor cities, the county-seat towns, and the villages along the railways will nearly all show important gains, reflecting, as they do, the prosperity of the farming districts. We expect to see the total population of the State come up pretty close to the two-million mark. We shall then have no more people upon all our vast area than live within the limits of the single city of Chicago.

PACIFIC COAST FLOUR.

The great staple of the States of California, Oregon, and Washington, and their chief export crop, is wheat. Large areas of those States are especially adapted by soil and climate to the cultivation of this grain. It was at first raised on small fields, here and there, for the supply of adjacent mining-camps; but as population increased, farming operations were extended until a large surplus was produced beyond the needs of the Pacific Coast people for bread. Then a market was found in Europe, and the wheat was shipped in sailing vessels on the long voyage around Cape Horn and across the Atlantic to European ports. This movement has grown to very large proportions, and Pacific Coast wheat now makes an important figure in the markets of Liverpool, Havre, and Hamburg. The price to the farmer is the price in those cities less the cost of transportation, and it is usually from twenty to thirty per cent less than the price realized by Minnesota and Dakota wheat-raisers. The large and regular yields of the farms of the Pacific States make the business of raising wheat as profitable there, however, as it is on our Northwestern prairies, and the shipments increase steadily year by year.

About ten years ago a Portland banker, Mr. Wilcox, turned his attention to opening a market for flour in China. The task was a difficult one at first, because of the extreme conservatism of the Chinese character, but little by little the Chinamen were convinced that flour is a better food than rice, and when a short crop of rice raised the price of that grain, they began to use wheat flour as a cheaper form of nourishment. The establishment of new steamship lines across the Pacific reduced the freight rates and cheapened the cost of flour in the Chinese and Japanese markets, and the demand constantly increased. The building of railroads in China opens new markets and constantly enlarges the area of flour consumption until now there are not vessels enough to carry the flour which is wanted by the vast populations in the Asiatic countries fronting on the Pacific Ocean, and sagacious observers of this new current of commerce predict that in a few years there will be no wheat shipped from California, Oregon, or Washington to Europe, because all the wheat surplus of those States will find a nearer and a better market across the Pacific.

The Chinese and Japanese have not gone into flour-milling, but want our wheat already manufactured into flour, and this circumstance has given an immense impetus to the milling business in the three wheat-growing States on the Pacific. There is no better business for the

present, and no surer one for the future, than the building and running of mills in localities that have good water-powers or cheap coal; that have rail connections with the wheat fields; and that are convenient to ocean shipping by rail connections. The chief milling centers are now at the Falls of the Willamette near Portland, and at Spokane Falls. At both these places there are enormous water-powers. Milling is also successful at many points where there are small water-powers, and at places like Tacoma, where coal is cheap and where the flour can be loaded directly from the mills upon the ships. There are many large water-powers not yet improved that are destined in time to create good milling points. The small streams which head in the Blue Mountains and run across the Walla Walla plain can all be utilized. On the Upper Columbia are numerous rapids which are capable of furnishing great powers. The outlet of Lake Chelan is another favorable point for milling.

We desire to bring to the attention of the millers of Wisconsin and Minnesota the important fact that there is no region in the United States where there are now so good opportunities for their line of business as in the Pacific Coast States. The existing mills of that region have been running night and day for the past two years to supply the growing trans-Pacific demand for flour, and if there were twice as many mills, they would all be busy. It is still an open question whether the best locations for new mills are at the shipping ports on Puget Sound, where coal-fields are close at hand, or at the water-powers of the interior; but it is certain that no mistake will be made if either class of locations is selected. Coal will always be cheap, water-power will always be abundant, and the wheat-fields, extended as farming population increases, will always yield bountiful harvests.

A NEGLECTED VIRTUE.

The old Greek philosophers and their fore-runners, the writers of the sacred books of the Hindoos, had a great deal to say in commendation of a virtue that is rarely spoken of nowadays, the virtue of equanimity. They regarded it as a high attainment to reach a frame of mind when all fussing and fretting and worrying about the events of life cease and men are content to take calmly whatever fate comes to them. Our Puritan forefathers gave another name to this virtue; they called it "trust in Providence," but it was really the same thing. In our modern times, most men seem to think it better to be forever worrying and complaining. They rush about breathlessly, shouting that everything is going wrong, and seeking to turn the tide of events over which they have as little power as old King Canute had over the tides of the sea. These fretful people always discover a grievance in the course of national affairs. They are sure that the country is going to ruin. One year it is the duty on foreign goods that excites their apprehension. They declare that the tariff is bringing our commerce to certain destruction. Another year they forget all about the tariff, and begin worrying about the money of the country. If the currency system is not reformed, we shall be involved in universal bankruptcy, they say. Just now they are distressed because of our protectorate over the Philippine Islands, and are sure that we shall soon lose our Republican form of government and become an imperial despotism because we have undertaken to bring order and civilization to an archipelago lying far off across the Pacific.

These fussy people always belong to the educated classes. They are college graduates, and do a good deal of reading and thinking. They

take the reviews and magazines, and buy new books. Perhaps they believe themselves to be a little wiser than other folks, and feel compelled by their own intellectual superiority to assume a critical attitude; but their criticism is very apt to run to foolishness, and when it comes to sound judgment on public questions, you can more safely trust the plowman in the field, or the shoemaker at his bench. This is because from much thinking they come to lose faith in the orderly progress of the world. They become pessimists without knowing it. The evils they predict never come to pass, but they go steadily on imagining new ones. Let us look for a moment at their attitude on the Philippine question. Is it reasonable to suppose that seventy-five millions of Americans are going to abandon their cherished principles of self-government because they have undertaken to keep the peace and to build school-houses, churches, railroads, and highways in a group of islands across the Pacific? Why worry about the little war in Luzon? England has had fifty such little wars, and the only result has been to strengthen the fiber of her national life, to make her own institutions more enduring, and to vastly extend her commerce. Ah! but there is the moral question involved. What right have we to impose our rule upon an unwilling people? we are asked by the critics. The same right that we had to impose it upon the savages of our own continent all the way from Massachusetts to Oregon, and upon the Spanish-Americans of New Mexico and California. They did not want our civilization, but we forced it upon them, and appropriated their territory by the right of conquest. It is an exploded idea that the barbarous races of the world own the lands they happen to inhabit, and that they can set up walls to keep out civilized men. We are told by these pessimists that we were justified in taking the country of the Indians and of the Spanish-Americans, because we needed it for our continental growth. Very well; then the motive was selfish and not humanitarian. We now need the West Indies and the Philippines for our growth outside the bounds of our own continent, and in taking them we have not only the selfish motive of commerce, but also the humanitarian motive of an earnest desire to confer liberty and law and the blessings of modern civilization upon their inhabitants. We are more justifiable in taking the Philippines than we were in capturing California, which was a great deal farther from our territory in 1848, in point of time, than Manila is in 1899.

Let us keep an equal mind about all these new questions of holding outlying territory and extending American institutions to remote parts of the earth. There is no good in fretting and fuming. Depend upon it, if it is in the book of fate, or the plan of Providence, or the purpose of whatever overruling power there may be in the universe to shape the destiny of nations, that the United States is to enter the great council of the world and do its part to spread civilization to the dark corners of the earth, nothing that political parties or administrations or Congresses can do will balk us from pursuing our appointed path. We shall neither be hindered nor hastened.

The Germans have a term to signify the spirit of the age which moulds the thoughts and shapes the purposes of men. They call it the *Zeitgeist*. This dominating power in human affairs cannot be hurried or retarded. Some men are impatient at its slow progress and try to push it along, but they only strain their backs and lose their breath; the *Zeitgeist* will not quicken its pace. Others think it is going too fast and try to hold it back, but they are

run over and left behind. The *Zeitgeist* moves majestically forward. The wisest course is to cultivate the virtue of equanimity, cease to strive and to fret, let things take their course, and feel confident that, no matter whether our ideas prevail or not, all will be well with the world.

REMARKABLE CLIMATIC BOUNDARY.

In all portions of the United States lying east of the Rocky Mountains, latitude indicates climate. The farther north you go from any given point, the colder are the winters. You can estimate pretty accurately how many degrees you will lose in mean-winter temperature for every degree of latitude you gain. West of the Rockies, however, there are vast regions where the controlling climatic force is not so much high or low latitude as it is the currents of air from the Pacific and the direction of the mountain ranges which guide or obstruct these currents. The Cascade Mountains, which run north and south across the States of Oregon and Washington, form, perhaps, the most remarkable climatic boundary to be found anywhere on the globe. They make a huge green rampart, rising about one hundred miles inland, above the crest of which tower a number of enormous snow-peaks, each standing alone, like a watch-tower upon a fortress wall, and each peculiar in the form of its summit dome or pinnacle. The names of these gigantic peaks, stated in their order, beginning at the British boundary and going south to the California line, are Baker, Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, Hood, and Jefferson; and just beyond the California line, where the range changes its name and is called the Sierra Nevada, is Mount Shasta.

It is not these isolated peaks of eternal snow and ice that influence so notably the climate of the surrounding region, but it is the great green wall over which they rise far above the clouds into the realm of perpetual sunshine. The general elevation of the Cascade Range is about 6,000 feet, but the white-robed giants that stand upon it rise to an altitude of 10,000 to 14,000 feet. Mount Rainier, the highest of them, reaches the altitude of 14,440 feet, and the symmetrical sugar-loaf peak of Mount St. Helens is a little more than 10,000 feet above the sea-level. The curious effect of the Cascade Range upon climate is occasioned by the fact that the range acts like a wall to shut off from the regions east of it the warm, rain-bearing winds that blow from the Pacific during more than half the year. The clouds are thrown back upon the Puget Sound Basin, in Washington, and upon the Willamette Valley, in Oregon, and produce an enormous annual precipitation. In some localities there are over sixty inches of rainfall every year. This excessive moisture, together with the warm winds developed by the Japan current in the Pacific Ocean, favors a very heavy growth of vegetation. The forest trees—firs, cedars, spruces, and hemlocks are of surprising girth and height, and the undergrowth of ferns and bushes is so dense that the only way to get through the woods is to cut out a path with an ax. The winters are so mild in all the country west of the Cascade Mountains that ice and snow are seldom seen, the waterfowl do not migrate, and garden flowers bloom in January. It rains or drizzles a little every day, but the people do not mind this, and few carry umbrellas.

Now cross the Cascade Range into Eastern Washington or Eastern Oregon, and you experience a change of climate in a few miles greater than you would get by going five hundred miles north. The dense forests disappear, and a sparse growth of small bull-pines covers

the mountainsides. There is no underbrush, and you can ride in any direction through the woods. At the base of the mountains stretch vast dry plains covered with bunchgrass, and farther east you enter a desert where nothing grows but sage-brush and greasewood. In winter, the air is cold and clear; in summer it is hot and dry. It never rains at all from May to October, and during the rest of the year the total precipitation of rain and snow is only twelve inches. A little farming and orcharding is done in the valleys by turning the waters of the streams through irrigating canals upon the thirsty land.

The effect of the great barrier of the Cascade Range is to rob all the interior plains country lying east of the mountains of its natural share of rainfall, and to concentrate this share upon the Puget Sound Basin and the Willamette Valley, giving to those regions their excessive moisture. A few high-sailing clouds get over the Cascades and drift away to the east until they are condensed against the Bitter Root Range—which is the western range of the Rockies—and are thrown back into showers that make fruitful the Palouse Country and the Walla Walla County in Washington. If the Cascade Mountains were a little higher, no rain would fall between them and the Rockies, and that great region would be uninhabitable. If they were no higher than the Alleghanies, there would be no desert plains along the Columbia and the Yakima.

THE END OF A LONG WAR.

The largest gathering in the history of the Alaska Indians is scheduled for August 10, 1899, at Klawan, on the Chilcat River. At this grand potlatch the tribal war of the Wrangels and Chilcats, which has been waged for six hundred years, will come to an end. It is estimated that more than two thousand Indians will be present.

Since the white man went to Alaska, the Wrangels and Chilcats have been at war. Not the kind of war that the Indians of the plains wage, but a war of individuals, a blood-feud which was handed down from generation to generation. The trouble was on even before the Russians took Alaska, as is shown by the Indian record on totem poles and the like, if the Indian translations of the crude carvings are to be believed.

There have been temporary peace treaties, and at times the blood-feud has slumbered for years, only to break out again by a flotilla of war-canoes swooping down on Wrangels from the north, or Wrangels Indians making a raid along Lynn Canal, driving everything before them.

There have been a few pitched battles on the land, and between flotillas of canoes on the sea, but these were rare. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed in this relentless war. Even as late as the summer of 1897, the Chilcats threatened to throw the Wrangels tribesmen into the sea if they did not quit packing over Chilkoot Pass.

All this is going to end. Old Shakes, the chief of the Wrangels, has arranged a peace. With the skill of a Paris peace commissioner, he treats with the Chilcats in their own homes, and has persuaded them to bury the feud.

The day set for confirming the treaty will witness strange doings at Klawan. The Indians will have all kinds of poor liquor, and under its influence will do many maudlin things. They will swap dogs and blankets sure, and if the "give-and-take" feeling gets too strong a hold on them they may exchange wives and children.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.*



A TORONTO announcement states that construction work on the proposed Ontario and Rainy River Railway will be begun at once. Passing through the southern part of Western Ontario and on to Manitoba, this line will cross a region that is considerably larger than all New England, and one that is wholly lacking in railway facilities. It is probable that about 150 miles of the road will be built around the south end of Lake of the Woods and parallel with Rainy River in Minnesota, the Minnesota Legislature having passed such an enabling act during its last session. The line will be of great value to mine operators in the Rainy River, Seine River, and Lake of the Woods regions, and have an important bearing upon the early settlement and development of large territorial districts on both sides of the international boundary line.

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EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, the writer on financial and economic questions, has suggested to the makers of the new cotton presses that they adapt the presses to compressing ensilage made of the corn-stalk and ear, harvested when in the milk, and thus mobilize the great green fodder crops of the country. He proposes to make of the chopped corn-fodder cylindrical fagots having the density of elm-wood and impervious to air, and in this shape to transport the solidified animal food, enveloped in tarred paper, to all parts of the country and market it for feeding cattle, sheep, and other live stock. Mr. Atkinson thinks that by this process of utilizing the stalk and leaves of the maize plant, at least fifty per cent will be added to the nutritive value of the corn crop of the country. It will be remembered that it was he who first suggested to the people of the South, in articles and lectures, that they utilize the cotton-seed which they were throwing away, for oil and animal food. The cotton-seed of the South is now worth to that section sixty millions of dollars annually.

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I MET lately in New York a smart lawyer from Chicago who told me that his present business was the organization of trusts, and that there was more money in it than in anything else now going. He is now engaged, he said, in getting up a soap trust, and on this he expects to put about three months' work. "If it is a go," he observed, "I shall make half a million dollars. The weak point in the business is that there is now not much to work upon. Any man who can discover any important line of industry that is not already in a combination, can readily find people in New York who will put up all the money needed for his expenses in forming a trust, for a share in his prospective profits. Then, if he is sharp and competent, he can gather in the separate concerns in a few weeks' time, and clean up a handsome fortune as his commission. If cash is needed to buy some of the concerns out, he can get a bank or trust company to furnish it." Old Wall Street men are now predicting a great collapse in the trust craze, which will shake the street worse than did any of the great panics in the past. The new trusts are capitalized for hundreds of millions more than

their properties can earn dividends on, and sooner or later the water will be squeezed out of them.

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AN old Western Democrat told me that he did not think the trust question could be brought into national politics as a popular issue. Trusts that are capitalized for what their properties are actually worth, he said, will maintain the present policy of keeping prices down and will live, but those that are overcapitalized will soon be tempted to put prices up to make good returns on their stock. This will attract money into the building of rival factories which will cut the prices, and then the inflated concerns will have to collapse. The common way of organizing a trust is first to get some bank or company which has a large amount of money lying idle to agree to finance the operation. The next step is to persuade or scare all the concerns making a certain line of goods to give options on their factories, payable in some cases in cash, and in others in the stock of the trust. Then the combination is made by a company organized in New Jersey, where annual taxes are not levied on capital stock. The combination seeks to control the entire product of the article manufactured, and is able to avoid overproduction and to make a large saving in the cost of superintendence, distribution, and sale, so that the price of the article to consumers may actually be reduced instead of increased, and at the same time good dividends may be earned on a capitalization considerably larger than the aggregate of the capital of the concerns taken in. The immediate evil of the operation consists in closing out many small factories that cannot earn a profit at the reduced price of the goods, and in depriving small communities of the advantages they enjoyed from the operations of these little concerns. A great many working-people are thus thrown out of employment.

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A REPUBLICAN politician, discussing the anti-trust movement, said that the Republican party could easily prevent this movement from damaging its prospects in the campaign of 1900 by passing strong resolutions in its national convention condemning all combinations of corporations and referring the people for a remedy to the State Legislatures, which have full power to deal with the matter. It is only by straining the clause in the Constitution which gives to Congress the power to regulate commerce, that the question can be brought into the field of national politics. The popular tendency to appeal to Washington for a sure cure for every evil which shows itself in business affairs is no doubt to be deplored as weakening the rightful powers of the State governments, but most voters now have the idea that the trusts are too powerful to be grappled with by the State Legislatures. It is more reasonable, however, to suppose that these menacing giants of modern trade would have a good deal more trouble in controlling forty-five State Legislatures than in controlling Congress.

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THERE are several thousand Finns in Minnesota who are interested in the movement of the Finnish-American Central Committee to organize opposition in the Western Hemisphere to the ukase of the czar for the Russification of Finland. The purpose of the movement does not appear to be at all warlike, but it is to bring to bear upon the mind of the czar the fact that the Finns in America all sympathize with the earnest desire manifested by their brethren at home that Finland shall remain, as heretofore, an autonomous duchy and not be absorbed into Russia proper, thus losing its parliament, its language, and its peculiar institutions.

Finland was formerly an independent nation. It was then conquered by Sweden, and, later, was wrested from Sweden by Russia. In annexing it, the then czar agreed not to disturb its system of government, its religion, or its language; and the czars have all ruled in Finland as grand dukes. Finland has a constitution, and a parliament that makes its laws; while Russia is an absolute monarchy. The Finnish language is not akin to the Russian. Its kinship is with the Magyar and the Turkish, and it is a Tartar and not a Slavic tongue. At Helsingfors, the capital of the duchy, the Finns have an excellent university, where literature is fostered and a high grade of instruction is given. In general civilization the country ranks with Sweden and is considerably ahead of Russia. It would be a pity to have it absorbed in the huge, lethargic bulk of its big partner and neighbor.

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OUR Minnesota Finns are mainly settled in and around the village of New York Mills, which is situated on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway, about midway between Brainerd and Fargo. They are farmers or small storekeepers, with a few professional men. They are thrifty and industrious, and rarely add anything to the jail population of the county, or to its expenses for maintaining paupers. A well-edited and handsomely printed weekly newspaper is supported by the community, and there are two or three churches where preaching takes place every Sunday in the Finnish tongue. The people are Lutherans in religion. Their classic poem, with which they are all familiar, is the *Kalevala*. It combines the mythology and early traditions of the race, and is written in a meter exactly like that of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*; and, as in that poem, a statement or idea is repeated in three succeeding lines in different phraseology. There is considerable modern literature in the Finnish language, including translations from Russian, German, and French.

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E. B. NORTHRUP, lately of St. Paul and formerly of Montana, has succeeded in launching a new magazine in New York which is called the *Anglo-American Magazine*, and of which four numbers have already been issued. The motive of the publication is to promote a closer union between the two great English-speaking nations of the world, and, of course, to publish articles of particular interest to people in both the United States and Great Britain. Here is certainly a wide and promising field, but Mr. Northrop, like all bright, imaginative men who get possession of a medium in which they can address the reading public, cannot resist the temptation to publish such articles as favor his own peculiar fads and theories, in preference to such as will most interest his subscribers. This is, however, a mistake so common to all who are new to the magazine and newspaper business, that we do not find fault with it. We must confess, though, to some surprise upon finding such subjects as mining interests in the West, the transmutation of silver into gold, and the establishment of a vast socialistic machine in the United States, given more attention in the *Anglo-American* than topics of real international interest. The late John Swinton used to say that every brainy man ought to have his own paper; and, acting on this theory, he established a sheet called *John Swinton's Paper*, and in a few months blew into it all the savings of a lifetime of good work on the *New York Sun*. Judging from his May number, we should say that Mr. Northrop is in danger of making his magazine a repository for the crazy notions of all the cranks in the country. One of the articles is a story designed to show the

workings of a proposed sixteenth amendment to the Constitution. This amendment seeks to put into practice the most extreme doctrines of the Socialists and the Communists. It organizes a Legion of Labor, invests it with many governmental powers, and authorizes it to appropriate, or "nationalize," any and all of the real and personal property in the country, and to use such property for the benefit of the Legionaries. The Legion is to pay a dollar a day to every man and woman member, and twenty cents a day to each child of a member, whether they work or not, on the theory, it would appear, that the country owes to every citizen a living. The Legion is also to issue bonds and put out paper money in any quantity its Grand Council may determine, and it is to play the dickens with established institutions generally. It is a fantastic scheme, such as even Bellamy would hesitate to indorse. We commend Kipling's advice to the dreamers who advocate such nonsense, and say to them that they will find it wise to

" . . . make their Prayer,
Not to the God of things as they ought to be,
But to the God of things as they are."

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THE most interesting article in the May number of the *Anglo-American Magazine* is one by James F. Wardner on the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines in the Cœur d'Alene region. The story of the discovery of these great deposits of Galena ore has often been told in print before, but never so graphically as Mr. Wardner tells it. The real discoverer of these mines was a jackass which escaped from the camp of a party of prospectors and, when pursued, was found far up on a steep mountainside, where he had kicked the dirt off an outcropping of rich ore, and was staring across a gulch at another outcropping which glistened in the sun's rays and had been exposed by a landslide. Mr. Wardner reached the camp of the prospectors, shortly after they had recaptured their donkey, found a fortune under his feet, and filed a water-right claim on the creek in the gulch which gave him an interest in the mines; for, as the ore turned out to be a "concentrating proposition," nothing could be done without water.

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"JIM" WARDNER is probably the best-known character in the mining States of the West. He has made and lost fortunes in nearly every mining-camp of importance in that entire region. When a boy he was one of the pioneer miners and prospectors in Arizona. Later he was in the Black Hills, in what is now South Dakota. Afterwards he became the most successful developer of the discoveries in the Cœur d'Alene District of Idaho. Then he went to the Puget Sound Country, during its great real-estate boom, and took a hand in the opening of the mines in the Monte Cristo District. The Trail Creek discoveries in British Columbia next attracted him; and of course he could not keep away from the Klondike in recent years. He is there now. Two mining towns bear his name—one in Idaho, the other in British Columbia. He has been president of several banks, owner of steamboats, merchant in many mining-camps, member of a Legislature, town-site locator, road-builder, miner, druggist, and commercial traveler. And in every one of the many places where he has lived, he is remembered as a good fellow, big-hearted, and open-handed.

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A LARGE ELDER TREE.—Junction City, Ore., lays claim to the largest common elder tree in the State. The tree measures eleven feet in circumference, and about thirty feet in height. It was planted from a slip thirty years ago.

IN THE COEUR D'ALENES.

The Cœur d'Alene District in Northern Idaho has been a turbulent region for many years. It contains a number of important silver mines, which the Miners' Union has always undertaken to control regardless of the rights of the owners or of men not belonging to the union. In ordinary times the only law that is respected in the district is the decree of the union, and no man's life or property is safe if he ventures to antagonize the organization. This state of affairs is only varied by an occasional incursion of United States troops or of Idaho militia, who come, after some outrage of unusual gravity, to attempt to maintain the authority of the courts. The recent outbreak resulted in the destruction, by dynamite and fire, of the buildings and machinery of the

destruction of the mining buildings whom they could lay hands upon, and they soon succeeded in getting several hundred of the rioters into a corral. The whole batch of the captured men will be put on trial in a civil court to answer for their grave offenses, and it is probable that the power of the Miners' Union in the Cœur d'Alenes will be thoroughly broken. In a conference with the business men of Wardner, General Merriam, who directed the movement of the soldiers into the region, spoke thus severely of the State of affairs existing there: "I have only abhorrence for such conditions as exist here. I should rather be under the tyranny of the Russian monarchy than to live in terror of the mob such as rules in the Cœur d'Alenes. I have tried in vain to discover what motives prompt men to such deeds of crime as have marred the history of the district. Since I can not discover the reasons, I am forced to the belief that the only way to quell these disturbances is by the aid of martial law—a one-man power, where gun shall be met with gun and dynamite with dynamite." Idaho State papers condemns the action of the union unsparely.



BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN MINES, WARDNER, IDAHO.

Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines by a riotous mob of union miners who sought in this way to punish the owners of the mines for continuing to employ non-union men after the union had warned them to desist. The citizens of the towns appealed to the governor of Idaho for protection against the mob, and the governor, knowing that the militia would not be effective, called upon the United States Government to restore order. Fortunately, there was a company of colored troops at Fort Spokane and another at Vancouver barracks, and these were hurried to Wardner. When the rioters learned that the blue-coats were coming, they threatened to give them a bloody reception and boasted of what they could do as guerrillas scattered among the mountains. When the soldiers appeared, however, the boastful strikers took to the woods, many of them starting over the trails to Montana to escape arrest. The officers in command of the troops appear to have gone to work in the business-like way that characterizes Uncle Sam's regulars. They proceeded to arrest everybody concerned in the

NEW METHODS IN MINING.

An old miner who recently returned to the States from the Yukon Country, says that the method of gold-mining there has undergone considerable of a revolution. The old method was to take dry and dead wood and thaw out the earth, say for a foot down at a time. Then this was shoveled out and washed, and more put through the primitive fire process. But the steam thaws that have been introduced are small safety boilers with a strong hose fastened to an escape pipe. This is attached to a sharp-pointed pipe which is driven into the ground, and the earth is thawed out all around this. Green wood can be used in this way, and the machine will thaw out enough in one night to keep the men washing two days. The wood gases are done away with, and the whole thing is run on a much cheaper basis. Wood is worth \$15 per ton in Dawson at the present time. The smoke from these hundreds of fires hangs like a pall for days over the valleys and around Dawson, and lends a weird effect to the scene.



A little book of "Poems" bears the name of H. A. Ferrand, of Philadelphia. It is evident that in its fifty-two pages the author has published a collection of his favorite creations, some of which are good, some indifferent. Among the best is "A Name," a sweet poem, full of thought, beauty, and melody. Mr. Ferrand's rhythm and expression are very good, but his rhymes are sometimes irregular. It is a private edition.

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"Eliel the Scribe," which show that the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel came to California (then Mexico), knew all about Solomon's mines, gathered from them undreamt of quantities of gold, built the great City of Ophir, founded a mighty empire on our Western and Southwestern shores, and at last perished of decay or were scattered to the four quarters of the earth by wars and dissensions. The hero returns to

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The Chase-Thompson Engraving Co., Oneida Block, Minneapolis, guarantee all their work and take good care of their customers.

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At Winnipeg, Canada, July 10th to 15th, 1899.

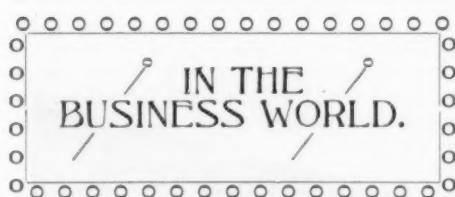
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Which is the Best Refrigerator?

Nothing adds so much to home comfort and economy as a thoroughly reliable refrigerator. Scores of refrigerators of various styles, makes, and qualities are offered the purchasing public, but only a few of them do the work they are represented to do. A poorly constructed one is always a great nuisance as well as a great expense; for it uses up not only large quantities of ice, but is also a direct loss in that it utterly fails to preserve the food supplies stored in it.

Not long ago a representative of this magazine visited the extensive plant of the Bowen Manufacturing Company of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. While this company makes a large line of store, office, and furniture specialties, its

tors for years, and is known all over the country as one of the most capable and expert makers and designers of refrigerators in the world. It is he who perfected and patented the now famous "America" refrigerator, as well as several other meritorious inventions. All his time is devoted to the management of this great business, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that the products of his brain and energy are now sold and used in Europe and throughout the whole world, as well as in his own land. The former secretary and treasurer, C. L. Muller (now dead), was likewise a powerful factor in upbuilding the earlier prosperity of the company, and strong words may be spoken of every member of the present corporation.

The panic years never affected this business, which has doubled and trebled its annual volume since the very start. Doubtless this has been due to the superiority of the goods made by the company. Only the finest lines of furniture specialties are manufactured, and every refrigerator is absolutely reliable from all points of view.

It would please us to give a technical description of the "America," but this must be re-



IMMENSE PLANT OF THE BOWEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY AT FOND DU LAC, WIS.

greatest specialty is what is known all over the United States as the "America" refrigerator, certainly one of the most perfect refrigerators ever constructed. The growth of the company's business has been remarkable. When the concern was organized in 1893, it occupied an area of one and one-half acres, employed only thirty-five men, kept but one salesman on the road, and its first year's business did not exceed \$5,000. Today the Bowen Manufacturing Company occupies a floor space of more than five acres, employs 135 men constantly, keeps five active men on the road selling to leading jobbers throughout the Union, and does a business that runs into the hundreds of thousands per annum. Even these immense facilities are not equal to the demands made upon the company for its unequalled products, and it has been necessary to perfect plans for 8,000 feet more of floor area.

The power used to operate this large plant is furnished by a Corliss engine of 200 horse-power capacity. As you go through the works you notice the absence of all gearing, such as shafting, pulleys, dust-pipes, engines, etc., all these being located in the basement, thus averting the risks incurred by employees who are compelled to work in factories where a constant lookout is necessary in order to avoid coming in dangerous contact with machinery. In this respect, at least, the Bowen plant is unique.

The officers of the company are: A. G. Bechaud, president; H. Wallichs, vice-president; H. Rueping, secretary and treasurer; G. A. Bowen, superintendent. Mr. Bowen is a manufacturer of very broad experience. He has been engaged in the manufacture of refrigerators for years, and is known all over the country as one of the most capable and expert makers and designers of refrigerators in the world. It is he who perfected and patented the now famous "America" refrigerator, as well as several other meritorious inventions. All his time is devoted to the management of this great business, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that the products of his brain and energy are now sold and used in Europe and throughout the whole world, as well as in his own land. The former secretary and treasurer, C. L. Muller (now dead), was likewise a powerful factor in upbuilding the earlier prosperity of the company, and strong words may be spoken of every member of the present corporation.

served for some future occasion. The *American Journal of Health*, a very critical authority on all such matters, says, editorially:

"Claims for the "America" refrigerator are not in the slightest degree overdrawn, but its merits are indeed conservatively stated, for a more praiseworthy addition to domestic equipment has never been brought to our notice. It is invaluable to every household, and no one will regret the modest price which secures an article of such decided convenience and utility. We do not hesitate to bestow the heartiest editorial endorsement upon the "America" refrigerator, which should find a place in every household."

This powerful indorsement was given after a close investigation of the merits of the Bowen

Besly & Company's New Catalogue.

The new catalogues sent out annually to the various lines of trade constitute very valuable reading matter. Upon these catalogues, nearly all of which are fully illustrated, is expended a large amount of money. Usually they contain detailed price-lists of all goods made and sold by the concerns, and dealers find them quite indispensable.

The catalogue just issued by Charles H. Besly & Company, at numbers 10 and 12 North Canal Street, Chicago, will be sent free to any address on application. Special attention is directed to the company's revised list on all metals; and, furthermore, to the fact that all lists have been corrected to agree with the present market, manufacturers' lists being used exclusively.

Among the new additions to the catalogue may be mentioned the Badger Die Stock set complete, Besly adjustable tap wrench, New Brown & Sharpe tools, New Starrett's tools, laboratory specialties, Gardner grinders, Tanite grinding machines and emery wheels, Pecora machinery paints, Perfection and Bonanza oil cups, and Besly & Company's celebrated Helmet Oil.

A Perfect Bolster Spring.

The King Manufacturing Company, of Racine, Wis., is manufacturing what is doubtless the best and most perfect bolster spring on the market. It is now in very general use everywhere, and grows in popularity daily. Bolster springs ought to be used on every wagon. They lighten the load on the team or horse, and prove a great saving to wagon and harness. They save jolting to stock and produce when hauling over rough roads, and in many ways pay for themselves in a short time. So far as durability is concerned, they will last a lifetime.

The King Manufacturing Company sells these springs to consumers direct from the factory, so that buyers and users pay but one profit, and that a moderate one. It is always better to buy of the manufacturer than of agents; you save two profits and the cost of traveling men, and you are always sure of the quality of the goods thus bought. The King Manufacturing Company makes all sizes of bolster springs—from 1,000 to 10,000 pounds capacity, and guarantees them to be superior to any other springs on the market. Every one is carefully put up and thoroughly tested before it leaves the factory, and a guaranty goes with every spring that is sold. "When you get a King bolster spring," said a grocer the other day, "you get something that you can swear by; for it always does just what its manufacturers say it will." This is the universal experience among those who use the King product.

Parties interested should write to the com-

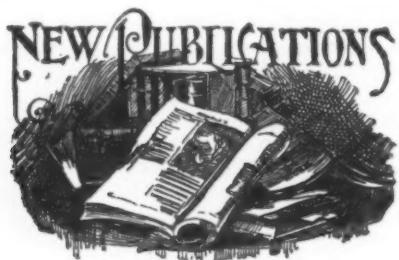


THE FAMOUS KING BOLSTER SPRING.

Manufacturing Company's refrigerators, so that the editor, who wrote from a hygienic as well as from an economical point of view, expressed an opinion that was based on knowledge supplied by incontrovertible fact. Any person interested in this subject should send to the Bowen Manufacturing Company for one of its illustrated catalogues and price-lists. The address is Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

pany for prices and full information, stating the capacity of the springs desired, should any be wanted. All mail orders will receive prompt attention.

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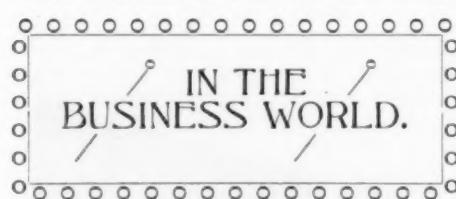
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The panic years never affected this business, which has doubled and trebled its annual volume since the very start. Doubtless this has been due to the superiority of the goods made by the company. Only the finest lines of furniture specialties are manufactured, and every refrigerator is absolutely reliable from all points of view.

It would please us to give a technical description of the "America," but this must be re-



IMMENSE PLANT OF THE BOWEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY AT FOND DU LAC, WIS.

greatest specialty is what is known all over the United States as the "America" refrigerator, certainly one of the most perfect refrigerators ever constructed. The growth of the company's business has been remarkable. When the concern was organized in 1893, it occupied an area of one and one-half acres, employed only thirty-five men, kept but one salesman on the road, and its first year's business did not exceed \$5,000. Today the Bowen Manufacturing Company occupies a floor space of more than five acres, employs 135 men constantly, keeps five active men on the road selling to leading jobbers throughout the Union, and does a business that runs into the hundreds of thousands per annum. Even these immense facilities are not equal to the demands made upon the company for its unequalled products, and it has been necessary to perfect plans for 8,000 feet more of floor area.

The power used to operate this large plant is furnished by a Corliss engine of 200 horse-power capacity. As you go through the works you notice the absence of all gearing, such as shafting, pulleys, dust-pipes, engines, etc., all these being located in the basement, thus averting the risks incurred by employees who are compelled to work in factories where a constant lookout is necessary in order to avoid coming in dangerous contact with machinery. In this respect, at least, the Bowen plant is unique.

The officers of the company are: A. G. Bechaud, president; H. Wallichs, vice-president; H. Rueping, secretary and treasurer; G. A. Bowen, superintendent. Mr. Bowen is a manufacturer of very broad experience. He has been engaged in the manufacture of refrigera-

served for some future occasion. The *American Journal of Health*, a very critical authority on all such matters, says, editorially:

"Claims for the "America" refrigerator are not in the slightest degree overdrawn, but its merits are indeed conservatively stated, for a more praiseworthy addition to domestic equipment has never been brought to our notice. It is invaluable to every household, and no one will regret the modest price which secures an article of such decided convenience and utility. We do not hesitate to bestow the heartiest editorial endorsement upon the "America" refrigerator, which should find a place in every household."

This powerful indorsement was given after a close investigation of the merits of the Bowen

Besly & Company's New Catalogue.

The new catalogues sent out annually to the various lines of trade constitute very valuable reading matter. Upon these catalogues, nearly all of which are fully illustrated, is expended a large amount of money. Usually they contain detailed price-lists of all goods made and sold by the concerns, and dealers find them quite indispensable.

The catalogue just issued by Charles H. Besly & Company, at numbers 10 and 12 North Canal Street, Chicago, will be sent free to any address on application. Special attention is directed to the company's revised list on all metals; and, furthermore, to the fact that all lists have been corrected to agree with the present market, manufacturers' lists being used exclusively.

Among the new additions to the catalogue may be mentioned the Badger Die Stock set complete, Besly adjustable tap wrench, New Brown & Sharpe tools, New Starrett's tools, laboratory specialties, Gardner grinders, Tanite grinding machines and emery wheels, Pecora machinery paints, Perfection and Bonanza oil cups, and Besly & Company's celebrated Helmet Oil.

A Perfect Bolster Spring.

The King Manufacturing Company, of Racine, Wis., is manufacturing what is doubtless the best and most perfect bolster spring on the market. It is now in very general use everywhere, and grows in popularity daily. Bolster springs ought to be used on every wagon. They lighten the load on the team or horse, and prove a great saving to wagon and harness. They save jolting to stock and produce when hauling over rough roads, and in many ways pay for themselves in a short time. So far as durability is concerned, they will last a lifetime.

The King Manufacturing Company sells these springs to consumers direct from the factory, so that buyers and users pay but one profit, and that a moderate one. It is always better to buy of the manufacturer than of agents; you save two profits and the cost of traveling men, and you are always sure of the quality of the goods thus bought. The King Manufacturing Company makes all sizes of bolster springs—from 1,000 to 10,000 pounds capacity, and guarantees them to be superior to any other springs on the market. Every one is carefully put up and thoroughly tested before it leaves the factory, and a guaranty goes with every spring that is sold. "When you get a King bolster spring," said a grocer the other day, "you get something that you can swear by; for it always does just what its manufacturers say it will." This is the universal experience among those who use the King product.

Parties interested should write to the com-



THE FAMOUS KING BOLSTER SPRING.

Manufacturing Company's refrigerators, so that the editor, who wrote from a hygienic as well as from an economical point of view, expressed an opinion that was based on knowledge supplied by incontrovertible fact. Any person interested in this subject should send to the Bowen Manufacturing Company for one of its illustrated catalogues and price-lists. The address is Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

pany for prices and full information, stating the capacity of the springs desired, should any be wanted. All mail orders will receive prompt attention.

The Ideal Camping Party, 707 Oneida Block, Minneapolis, Minn., give fifteen and thirty-day tours in July through Yellowstone National Park. Apply early for accommodations.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRANE & ORDWAY CO.'S BIG ST. PAUL HOUSE.



MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE IN THE CRANE & ORDWAY CO.'S ST. PAUL HOUSE.

The Crane and Ordway Company.

The accompanying views of The Crane & Ordway Company's large St. Paul establishment at 248-250-252 East Fourth Street, do not give a very good idea of the magnitude of the company's business, inasmuch as the heavily stocked warerooms are not in evidence, but the impression which one will receive from a glance at the busy general office or counting-room is that the volume of business done here amounts annually to an immense sum.

The Crane & Ordway Company represent a consolidation of long-standing interests in this department of trade. Rogers & Ordway were one of the largest jobbing concerns in their line in the West, and they united with the Crane Company, who are the largest manufacturers of pipe, fittings, valves, etc., in the world, having stores in all the large cities in the Union.

Besides being manufacturers of very complete lines of steam-fitting goods, The Crane & Ordway Company are agents for many valuable specialties. They are Northwestern agents for the celebrated Boston Belting Company, for the Hoyt belts, the Dean steam pumps, Trahem & Myer's iron pumps, the Ideal windmills, well machinery, etc.

The house employs thirty-five to forty persons, and keeps eight to ten traveling salesmen on the road selling to the trade in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana. It has ample capital, and carries the most complete lines of steam-fittings, etc., in the West—a stock averaging in value fully \$150,000 to \$200,000 in busy seasons. Mr. L. P. Ordway, the vice-president and general manager, has the active management of the business in St. Paul, and has been connected with the business fourteen years.

Wheeled Comfort for Doctors and Business Men.

At Minnesota Transfer, a point midway between the Twin Cities, is the large plant of the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of the most complete and reliable line of vehicles sold in the Northwest. Many of these vehicles are made and designed by the company especially for physicians, business men, and liverymen. They are not put together any way, but are manufactured by the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company with the sole purpose of meeting and satisfying the special needs of medical men and of business men and first-class livery-stables. Scores of doctors in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and in surrounding towns use these Muckle vehicles and will have

no other make, they are so well adapted to their particular requirements, and so comfortable and durable. The H. A. Muckle Company are manufacturers. They are not jobbers of vehicles, but make every conveyance sold by them. Thousands are now using these Muckle vehicles, and the satisfaction given is universal. The company's catalogue and other literature—including a list of recent and very influential testimonials from persons who now own a Muckle vehicle—will be sent to any one who asks for the same. Just address the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, St. Paul, Minn.

How Forty-Two Drunkards were Cured.

Over in Minneapolis, at 1819 Nicollet Avenue, is the widely-known Murray Cure Institute, where men and women are treated for the morphine and liquor habits. About two years ago an influential railway man caused a friend to attend the institute in order that he might be cured of drunkenness. This person, who is a telegrapher by trade, lived in a small railway town where many engineers, brakemen, and conductors resided, and his complete cure attracted very general attention. If it cured him, other men argued, it will cure us; and thus it happened that within two years' time forty-two good men in that town, who were more or less addicted to the drink habit and in danger of losing their positions on account thereof, went to The Murray Cure Institute and again became sober, industrious, trustworthy employees.

The Murray Cure Institute is a quiet, home-like place where men or women may enjoy all comforts and conveniences, and at the same time receive this most excellent treatment for these ruinous habits. Mr. Edwin Murray, the manager, says that it requires about four weeks to effect a cure, that it costs less than half the price of other methods of treatment, and that there is no bichlorid of gold or mercury in the Murray cure. The special treatment for the morphine habit has effected wonders. Women can receive treatment at the institute or at their homes, without publicity, as they may desire, and all interested parties are invited to call upon or to write the management for circulars, references, terms, etc.

AN ECCENTRIC COLLECTOR.

The Minneapolis Journal says that a necklace made of rattlesnake fangs and legs of centipedes is one of the curiosities in a novel and varied collection made by Dennis Hannifin,

organizer and president of the North Dakota Suicide Club. Hannifin got it from an Indian in the Bad Lands. He has embellished it, and will hang it on the wall of the club-room at Minot, N. D.

He brought it to Minneapolis to have it "made more vivid," as he expressed it when displaying it to a group of admiring people. By the use of sulphuric acid, the fangs were ivory-white and the legs a translucent yellow. In the hollow parts of the fangs and legs scarlet and blue minerals were injected. The tints show through.

Hannifin has a great collection of newspaper clippings and pictures, chiefly of people who have committed suicide. He has made such a collection a fad for years, and has the finest collection of the kind in the country.

SUCCESSFUL FRUIT CULTURE.—Some fifteen years ago when Mr. Kennedy of Missoula sent a small assortment of Montana-grown apples to his Fort Benton friends, the Fort Benton (Mont.) River Press states, the latter thought fruit-growing in this State was an enterprise the success of which, on a large scale, would never materialize. This anticipation, however, has been pleasantly disappointed. In addition to supplying the home market, some twenty-eight carloads of apples were shipped east from Bitter Root orchards the past season.

THIRTY-FIVE

YEARS' EXPERIENCE,
that is the reason I can repair and improve your violin cheaper, better and quicker than any other man in the Northwest, and sell you a better hand-made violin for the same money than any good maker can. I can do any kind of job you want. Write for prices and reference, or call and see my work. O. M. ROBINSON,
26 Union Block, ST. PAUL, MINN.

ALFRED MILLER, Portrait Photographer

Enlargements for Professional and Amateur Photographers from Original Plates and Films.

PRICE LIST of Enlargements on Eastman's Platino or Royal bromide paper, mounted on cardboard:

8x10, 75c; 10x12, 85c; 11x14, \$1; 14x17, \$1.25; 16x20, \$1.75;
18x22, \$2.25; 20x24, \$2.75.

Fancy mount or stretcher from 15 to 20 cents extra. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Send 10c extra for return expressage.

ALFRED MILLER,
771 Wabasha St., ST. PAUL, MINN.,
Just above new capitol.

A MULE IN ALASKA.

The funniest man that completed his trip from Dawson by coming down the coast on the Dirigol is C. D. Patterson of San Francisco. He is known from Dawson to the coast as "the man with the mule."

Patterson actually succeeded in driving a mule out over the ice. The mule carried 800 pounds of baggage, the personal effects of the three passengers that Patterson brought out with him. He claims that the mule made record-breaking time, doing the trip in fifteen days. He is said to have left Dawson on December 30, arriving at Skagway on January 13.

Patterson wanted to come out from Dawson, but had no dogs. No one had ever tried a mule for rapid transit over the ice-fields, and they laughed at Patterson when he was going out with his raw-backed, long-eared assistant. The mule was loaded down with a very heavy pack, only a small portion of which was food for himself.

Patterson succeeded in convincing three men of the mule's ability, and they went as passengers.

They say that the way that mule went over the trail was wonderful. He seemed to realize that at the other end of his long trip was plenty to eat—a condition which he had not been intimately acquainted with for a long time. He got along on much less feed than would be necessary for a dog-team, and when it came to hill climbing or walking, the Thirty-Mile ridge dogs were not to be considered.

Patterson says he was offered twenty-six dogs for the mule at one point along the line. He brought the animal through to Skagway, however, and is having him taken care of there. He says he would not trade him for all the dogs you could pile up in the street.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.*

**GET THE BEST**

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

**Light Running**

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.**THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.**

ORANGE, MASS., BOSTON, MASS., 28 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL., ST. LOUIS, MO., DALLAS, TEXAS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

W. F. ELWESS, { 99 W. 7th St. & { St. Paul, Minn.
403 E. 7th St.,

TO CHICAGO*The Pioneer Limited*

Running Daily Between
**CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE,
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.**

Only Perfect Train in the World.
Best Dining Car Service.
Lowest Rates to All Points.

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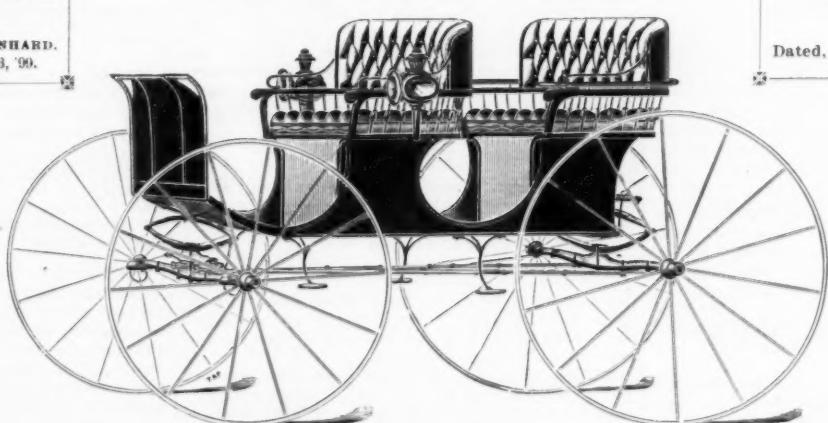
ALLEN, Taxidermist, Mandan, N.D.

Gentlemen: The "Full Swing Buggy" I purchased of you last summer has given me perfect satisfaction. It is one of the best buggies I ever rode in. For rough roads it has no equal. I can say that whoever buys a "Full Swing Buggy" will be pleased with it. I shall always be glad to recommend your firm to any one wishing to buy a buggy.

Yours very truly,
HENRY LENHARD.
Dated, Darwin, Minn., Jan. 23, '99.

We are Manufacturers.

Notice at the Hub, between the Twin Cities, is located the Minnesota Transfer, with ten railroads and MUCKLE'S GREAT VEHICLE PLANT, all on the Interurban Electric Street Car Line



No. 656 "NEW ERA," Light Surry.

For Mother and the Children.

H. A. Muckle Mfg. Co.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gentlemen: Last June I purchased one of your "Full Swing Open Buggies" and during the summer gave it some very severe tests over rough country roads. It beats any and all of them for comfort, ease and durability. We advise any one thinking of purchasing a vehicle, and who wishes to avoid sudden jerks by horse starting, or jolts on rough roads, to get a "Full Swing" by all means. Yours very truly,

J. C. PENNIMAN, Minneapolis Fire Dept. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 1, '99.

Gentlemen: Sometime ago I purchased one of your "Full Swing Buggies with Rubber Tire," and I must say, so far, it has given me entire satisfaction. It looks well and is very comfortable to ride in. It is undoubtedly the best buggy I ever bought for the price.

Yours respectfully,
OLOF SOHLBERG, M. D.
East Seventh Street.
Dated, St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 13, '99.

Catalogues Free to All.

Gentlemen: The "Full Swing Rubber Tire Buggy" bought of you in the spring of 1898 has given very good satisfaction and a good deal of comfort. I have given it very rough wear. It is a delight to ride in. You are entitled to great success with this vehicle. In driving through the streets of the city, I have noticed a great many of your vehicles among the members of my profession. Yours very truly,

E. A. BORCHARDT, M. D.
Dated, St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 4, '99.

**Wisconsin.**

The Quinnesec Falls Paper Company has begun work on a \$500,000 mill. It will be a 2-machine plant, and the work will be rushed to completion at the earliest date.

It is definitely announced that the Fox River Electric Railway Company will construct an extension from Neenah to Oshkosh, a consummation very much desired.

Dr. Ogilvie, of Superior, has a project to erect a 100,000-bushel cleaning elevator this season. H. L. Chase, of Superior, also contemplates a similar elevator of the same size.

T. W. Orbison, of Appleton, and others, will make a survey at White Rapids for the largest paper-mill in the Northwest. W. K. Cook and other Chicago capitalists will erect a 100-ton mill to cost \$500,000.

Commendable enterprise is being shown in many towns of the State in the erection of such buildings as public libraries and reading-rooms. Oshkosh is one of the larger towns that is about to erect one.

The pleasing information is received that the large plant of the Wisconsin Chair Company, recently destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt at once in Port Washington. The citizens contributed liberally to this end.

The elevator capacity at Superior is rapidly assuming gigantic proportions. The new Hill elevator of 6,500,000 bushels' capacity, and others now projected, make the head of the lakes a grain storage point of first magnitude.

Building operations throughout the State are very active. In Racine, Fond du Lac, and in many other places, the new business blocks, schools, churches, opera-houses, and dwellings are keeping carpenters, masons, and plasterers well engaged.

Minnesota.

The latest addition to the numerous industries of Redwood Falls is to be a shirt and overall factory, owned, operated, and controlled by girls and women.

When the elevators now projected for Duluth are completed—which will probably be within the year 1899—Duluth and West Superior will claim to lead Chicago in grain-storing capacity by 5,000,000 bushels, and Minneapolis by 7,000,000 bushels. So says the Minneapolis *Lumberman*.

There were shipped from and into St. Paul last year 243,908 carloads of freight, an increase over the shipments of 1897 of 8,319 carloads. Most of the increase was in shipments from the city, which shows that local factories and houses are increasing their business. Shipments from the city were 103,619 carloads, an increase of 6,231, while receipts were 140,289, an increase of 2,068.

It is stated that the Gillette-Herzog Manufacturing Company, of Minneapolis, who have purchased from the receivers the malleable iron business of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company, in East St. Paul, announce that the business will be continued, with as little change as possible, under the name of the Minnesota Malleable Iron Works. The company has offices in the Manhattan Building, St. Paul.

A new school-building at Wells will cost some \$25,000, a hotel at Sleepy Eye will cost \$18,000, and new business blocks in St. Peter and Plainview will cost \$25,000 and \$18,000 respectively. Large flour-mills are projected for a number of towns. There will be one of 150 barrels' capacity in Hector, a 500-barrel mill at Dundas, and the Red Lake Falls mills will be increased to a capacity of 500 to 600 barrels daily.

The Crookston *Journal* says that the new Fosston woolen-mill is in full operation, and that samples turned out of flannels, blankets, mackinaw goods, etc., cannot be excelled by any mill in the country. This is the verdict of experts who have visited the mill and seen the product thereof. The custom work that is being done gives entire satisfaction, the farmers being united in their approval of the way in which the mill is conducted.

Princeton is having a building boom this summer. Waterworks and electric light plants are to be con-

structed, and many private stores and dwellings are already under way. There is quite a movement of new settlers to the cheap lands between Princeton and Duluth, and this stimulates business in the cities and towns. Some of the pine tracts and swamps drained by the clearing of the country make excellent lands for stock-raising and mixed farming. Cheap fuel, good transportation, and easy access to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, make this a desirable location for the farmer and settler.

North Dakota.

It is said that copper ore of high grade, carrying twenty ounces silver and some gold per ton, has been discovered near Michigan City.

Fargo is talking of putting up another fine public school building at a cost of \$30,000. The school system employed there has no superior and but few equals in the Northwest.

The Milton *Globe* says it has been ascertained that the cement clay in the Merrifield-Babcock mines out north, besides making an excellent hydraulic cement, also makes a perfect white polish for earthenware. Great developments are expected this spring.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company, so it is reported, has decided to extend its Cooperstown branch in North Dakota in a northerly or northwesterly direction about twenty-five miles into the wheat country west of the Red River Valley. It is the company's intention to complete the new line in time to move this year's wheat crop.

When the Langdon public school-building was built in 1889, the school population was less than 100. During the past ten years it has increased until now there are 312 children of school age. The question of more room for the children attending our schools is one of great moment, and steps should be taken this summer in the matter. Langdon must have a new school, even if we have to bond for it.—*Langdon Courier*.

A correspondent says that the boom which is to double the population of Wimbledon in the next six months is already well under way. Emigrants from Wisconsin and Iowa are coming in large numbers, with reports of many more to follow. Even at this early date building has begun, two large business houses being in process of erection, while one bank building and possibly two, another hotel, a cigar factory, etc., besides a number of fine residences will be built in the near future. Work on the water mains will be resumed, and soon the artesian well will carry an abundant supply of the purest mineral water through the town.

How many of our farmers know that the agricultural college at Fargo is issuing bulletins that are of great advantage to those people who receive and read them? All you have to do is to send a postal-card asking for them. The latest bulletin is devoted to the insect pests which injure trees and garden and house plants. President Worst is one of the best officials that has ever stood at the head of an educational institution in this or any other State; and he and his efficient corps of educators and experimenters are doing their very best to make the agricultural college of great value to the people of the State.—*Emmons County Record*.

South Dakota.

The State Legislature has passed bills appropriating \$25,000 for a new dormitory at the Spearfish normal school, \$22,000 for a new dormitory at Madison, and \$35,000 for an asylum at Redfield.

Very rich copper ore is reported from the Greenwood District in the Southern Black Hills. The vein is of good width, and can be traced on the surface a distance of three miles. Development will follow at once.

Mellette is having a building boom that promises to continue through the summer. A Masonic temple, business blocks, and a large number of new homes are among the present improvements.

Sioux Falls is now looking forward to the establishment of a beet-sugar plant, a big brewery, and the enlargement of its present packing-house capacity, which recently passed into the hands of a strong corporation composed of Eastern men.

Kingsbury County is said to be the banner creamery county in the State, and the De Smet creamery is not only the pioneer, but is the most successful. Last year the De Smet creamery paid to its patrons the full value of the tributary cows. The effect of this is seen in the condition of the farmers. Where a few years ago people were moving out, farms were being abandoned, and one couldn't give away a farm except to the freshest of tenderfeet, now all is prosperity. Since January 1 the farmers living around De Smet have

paid off 122 real estate mortgages, and ninety-six warranty deeds have been recorded, while only two mortgages have been foreclosed. The city is laying cement walks, has a new bank, its houses are all filled, and as Eugene Field would have said, "money flows like liquor." If you ask any citizen of Kingsbury County how all this has come about, he'll tell you that it is through the creamery.

Montana.

Butte's \$200,000 Government building will be under way about July 1.

The Diamond R. Mining Company is preparing to build a \$30,000 concentrator at Nethart.

Billings is to have a \$10,000 library building. It will be a gift from the Billings estate, which has already done a great deal to advance the interests of the town named in honor of Frederick Billings, now deceased.

The paper-mill at Manhattan is being pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. It will be a notable step forward in industrial lines for Montana, and it is hoped that the enterprise will receive sufficient encouragement to justify the confidence of its projectors.

Bozeman is right up against a building boom. Not business houses, of which there is a sufficiency, although there is room for substantial and modern ones; but residences, and fine ones at that. The vacant land between the college and the present thickly-dotted outskirts will have added to it a large number of fine residences this year. Bozeman's advantages as a residential city do not have to be dwelt upon.—*Bozeman Chronicle*.

Butte's new city directory contains 24,492 names. Deducting 2,440 for business firms and duplications, and using the multiple 2½ to represent the women and children, a population of 55,107 is indicated. During the past nine months 573 building permits were issued amounting in value to \$633,207. Add to these Hennessy's big department store, which cost over \$600,000, and Butte's building improvements show a grand total of \$1,233,207.

The Red Lodge *Picket* says that there isn't an idle man in town who desires work, and that the coming summer will witness wonderful improvements there. "A building boom is already upon us. The contract for a \$10,000 court-house has just been let; plans and specifications have been drawn for a new bank building of brick; for a stone business block and hall for one of the city societies, and for other business blocks and several palatial residences. As many as a dozen new brick blocks are to be built on Billings Avenue this season, and it is known that as many as forty or fifty new residences will be erected throughout the city before the summer ends. In addition, there is every prospect that a splendid system of waterworks, costing \$25,000, will be put in this year, thus furnishing ample protection against fire, providing everybody with pure water, and enabling the property owners to adorn and beautify the city with trees and lawns."

Idaho.

Molybdenum, a rare and very valuable metal, said to be worth \$245 a pound, has been discovered in fairly large quantities in the Leslie group of mines in the Cœur d'Alenes, near Wallace.

It is said that at least five new concentrators are to be erected in the Cœur d'Alenes the coming season. They will cost \$25,000 to \$100,000 each. A 250-ton mill will probably be built for either the Bell or the Mammoth properties.

The Standard Mining Company of Wallace paid its monthly dividend of \$30,000 in April, a total of \$1,745,000 to date. The company is operated as a close corporation, and this is the first time a statement of the amount of its dividends has ever been given to the public. This shows that in the amount of its dividends the Standard is the second mine in Idaho, being surpassed only by the De Lamar, which paid \$2,298,000 up to May, 1898.

While no extensive development has been done in this copper belt, it has so many and such large ledges in which ore of high grade has been found in so many places that its ultimate future cannot be doubted. With ledge after ledge traced for miles, from twenty to eighty feet in width, carrying ore at or near the surface assaying from five to fifty per cent copper, with gold from small to fabulous amounts, it only needs to be opened to become one of the greatest copper camps in the world. Butte, with its limited territory, will ultimately be compelled to doff its cap to the Cœur d'Alenes. All this vast territory needs to become one of the greatest copper producers in the world is development, and should a smelter be built here to call attention to this latent wealth, the capital of the world would soon be at our disposal to develop it. With gold, silver, copper, lead, and antimony it is

hard to conceive, and impossible to find, a region with more mineral wealth than the Cœur d'Alenes.—*Walla Walla* (*Id.*) *Press*.

Oregon.

Milton has voted to erect a brick schoolhouse to cost about \$15,000.

A 600-ton shipment of flour was made recently from the mills of Pendleton to the Orient.

The Virtue Collateral mine, eight miles east of Baker City, is running twenty stamps day and night on rich ore.

An open Mining Exchange is being advocated for Baker City. It is receiving strong support, but much doubt is expressed as to its success, because of the small number of brokers in the town.

The Badger Gold Mining Company of Susanville, Grant County, has within the last six weeks shipped seventy-five tons of ore to the Selby Smelting Works at San Francisco, the values ranging between \$160 and \$300 per ton.

The Athena Press reports a great increase of new buildings for that town and throughout the county. Improvements are being made to streets, sidewalks, and roads, and there is talk of improving the water-works system of the place. The Press is always alert, and it is published in a progressive community.

Portland is to have a new stove foundry in operation by next winter which will employ some 250 iron-workers. This important consummation is the result of several months of quiet arrangement on the part of the Bridge & Beach Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis, in conjunction with the Cribben Sexton Company, of Chicago. These two large firms have been shipping stoves to Portland for the past fifteen years, but now they propose to make them here.—*Portland Oregonian*.

A large quantity of granite, excellent for monumental purposes, was located recently in the Niles & Vinson marble mines near Joseph. Some three acres are exposed to view, containing fine salt-and-pepper gray-color granite, clear from rust and blemishes, and susceptible of a high polish. Considering high freights, and that nearly all the monumental granite is shipped to this Coast from Boston and New York, the importance of this discovery means much for Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.—*Kendrich (Id.) Gazette*.

Washington.

It is said that there is at least \$1,000,000 on deposit in the three banks at Walla Walla.

The Inland Telephone Company will erect a \$75,000 office-building in Spokane at once.

Contracts have been let for making extensive improvements to the Tacoma smelter at a cost of \$45,000.

Tacoma's new city directory contains 15,740 names. Using the multiple of 2%, this gives a population of 43,285.

The production of shell-fish on Puget Sound in 1897 amounted to 16,000 sacks; the production in 1898 was 25,000 sacks.

A company is being formed to build a railroad from Centralia to Salzer Valley, to connect with the Northern Pacific.

The Pacific Fish Company of Chicago contemplates erecting a cannery on Bellingham Bay with a capacity of 5,000 cases a day.

The Washington Power Transmission Company has been incorporated to develop 25,000-horse-power hydraulic and 12,000 electric for use in Seattle, Tacoma, and other Sound cities. The company has let contracts for all machinery to be used, and will, it is said, expend over \$1,000,000.

While saying that the business outlook for Rockford this spring is better than it has been before for a number of years, and that during the past six months real estate values in the town have fully doubled and at the present time there is scarcely a vacant business house or dwelling, the Transcript of that place takes occasion to add that the entire State is enjoying a revival to a more or less degree, and that all prospects for the coming year are unusually bright.

It is safe to predict that Walla Walla will increase its population over 2,000 in a year. This is not guess work. There are nearly 200 dwellings just erected or in process of erection. Counting five persons to each dwelling, which is a safe estimate, means 1,000 people. To this can be added another 500 for people who have not been able to secure houses and have taken rooms. Then figure the natural influx of people who will arrive and will either build or rent rooms within the

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E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 18, Tp. 134, Rg. 46—320 acres.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 10, Tp. 134, Rg. 46—160 acres.

RED LAKE COUNTY.

S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 10, Tp. 132, Rg. 44—160 acres.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

EDMUND COUNTY.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Tp. 124, Rg. 65—160 acres.

BROWN COUNTY.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 35, Tp. 122, Rg. 65—160 acres.

BRULE COUNTY.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 17, Tp. 104, Rg. 65—160 acres.

KANSAS.

KINGMAN COUNTY.

E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 35, Tp. 127, Rg. 7, and E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 2, Tp. 28, Rg. 7—160 acres.

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next twelve months, and it can be easily estimated that the population of the Garden City will be increased by at least 2,000 in a few months.—*Walla Walla Union*.

Skagit County claims the latest valuable mineral discovery for Washington. The deposit of ochre recently found in the Mt. Baker District is reported to be the largest deposit of the kind in the United States. This paint mine is where it can be easily worked, and may prove an important part of the mineral wealth of Washington.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* says that an air-line electric railroad is projected between Seattle and Tacoma. It is designed to reduce the railway mileage between these cities from about forty-four to 30.7 miles, and to make the trip in forty-five minutes instead of an hour and a half, or more, as at present, and the service will be frequent and regular for both passengers and freight. A line of this description has long been talked of, but has never before taken definite and business-like form.

Canadian Northwest.

The shipments from the Last Chance mine in the Slocan, B. C., District average a carload a day, and a sufficient force is employed to keep the development considerably ahead of the stoppers. The ore from the Last Chance nets the owners a profit of \$75 a ton over all expenses.

There has been a heavy movement of immigrants to Manitoba this season, and it bids fair to keep up until late in the fall. Much new land has been taken up, and the acreage of cultivated ground will be increased by many thousands of acres. The new settlers are very good people, as a rule, and will make desirable citizens.

The New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge* says: "Shutting out aliens from digging placer ground in this Province is a piece of dog-in-the-manger business that looks like the work of selfish school children. If the aliens took more gold out of the country than they bring in, it would be excusable; as the reverse is always the case, we do not see any advantage in such a law."

Mining developments in the Lake of the Woods and Seine River districts of Ontario are in a very healthful condition. A good deal of capital is becoming interested in established properties, and steady work is being done. Results are promising. The gold output increases right along, and an unusual number of mines are certain to be included among the dividend payers.

The Canadian Government has decided to construct a telegraph line to the Klondike territory. The plan is to build a line between Lake Bennett and Dawson City at once. At the same time surveyors will leave to examine the country northward from Quesnelle, B. C., which is the terminus of the present Government system, and see how to connect with the line to Dawson. The Government will retain the line in its own possession, having decided that it is too valuable and too important from the standpoint of national safety to be allowed to go into any other hands.

Mothers.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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Pamphlets and complete information can be obtained by writing W. H. Killen, Deputy Land and Industrial Commissioner, Colby & Abbot Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., or Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

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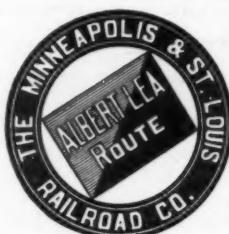
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What Can be Done by Brains and Energy in the Timber Limits on the "Soo Line."

The John Hein Company, from Neillsville, Wisconsin, located a plant at Deer Tail (now Tony) for the manufacture of staves and heading, from basswood and elm, with the intention of enlarging their plant and extending their operations to include other hardwoods. They purchased their lands August 20, 1897. At that time there were no improvements near the lands purchased. The country is rolling upland, interspersed with small cedar and tamarack swamps. The upland is covered with a vigorous growth of hardwood, consisting of maple, birch, hemlock, basswood, elm, some white oak, and a little ash. The soil is dark loam, the subsoil clay.

The selection was well adapted to the purpose of the promoters, as the lands, when cleared, will produce all grains, grasses, small fruits, the hardy varieties of apples, and the vegetables that are found in the north temperate zone. Since the plant was located, the lands have been selling rapidly at a considerable advance on the purchase price.

The first improvements were made by the John Hein Company at the end of September, 1897. The Mill Company now has a large stave and heading plant, a large dry-house, wagon-shop, blacksmith-shop and repair-shop, and a large two-story general store, hotel, and saloon. There are also a land office, a small drug-store, a large schoolhouse, twenty dwelling-houses, and the company will build twenty-five more dwelling-houses this summer. On April 4, 1899, there were one hundred votes polled, which represents a population of fully five hundred people.

The freight forwarded and received at Tony for the years 1897-1898, and for three months of 1899, was as follows:

Year	Pounds Forwarded.	Pounds Received.
1897.....	4,731,680	1,655,778
1898.....	8,818,715	8,852,559
1899.....	1,736,350	11,849,389
Total.....	15,286,745	22,357,778

All this has been accomplished between the last of September, 1897, and the first of April, 1899. Truly, Aladdin's lamp has hung in the woods at Tony. There are many places on the Soo Line, in Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where locations of equal value for the manufacture of hardwood products can be obtained.

What others can do, you can do—if you will. If you are seeking a location for a mill or factory of any kind for the manufacture of hardwoods, or if you are seeking a home on cheap lands where you can have good soil, fuel on your own land, and location near some plant at which you can market your timber, address T. I. Hurd, "300 Box," Minneapolis, Minn.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes' 820 Powers' Blk., Rochester, N.Y.

First of the Season.

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J. Walter Thompson, of the well-known J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, of New York, speaking of his list of American standard monthly magazines, among which THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is mentioned, says: "These publications have obtained their circulation by intrinsic merit. The readers of these splendid magazines are altogether an advertisement—answering constituency which is worth while for general advertisers to give a fair test."

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ONE ON HIM.

Adolph Levy, the well-known Helena traveling man, was in the city the other day on business. Mr. Levy is a great story teller, and is not particular what race or nationality his stories hit. One of the stories told by him is well worthy of preservation.

It must be remembered that Mr. Levy is of the Hebrew faith, and is not ashamed of it. One day in Livingston, this State, he got into a discussion with an Irishman as to which were the better people, the Irish or the Jews, and the argument waxed rather warm.

Finally, to clinch the thing, the Irishman remarked: "Well, Misther Levy, we ought not to quarrel, for in a certain way we are related."

"How ish dot?" said Mr. Levy; I never heard of dot before."

"Why," returned his Irish friend, "don't yez know that the Oirish are wan av the lost thribles of Israel?"

"Yes," rejoined the Jew; "and Israel is mighty glad dot dey lost you."

This ended the conversation, and his Irish friend set them up.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.*

"GENTLEMEN, WE'RE PEPPERED."

Some old-timers who read the story in the *Leader* a few days ago of Judge G. R. Choate's experience in expelling the Chinese from Neihart, recall a story of the judge when he lived at Fort Benton in 1882 or 1883. Fort Benton had just been elevated to the dignity of having a city charter, and an election was to be held to vote on the question of bonds.

When the day of election rolled round, the judge went up to the polls and offered to vote, but was challenged and his vote rejected on the ground that he owned no property within the city limits. What made the affair more galling, was the fact that a colored man had walked up to the ballot-box just ahead of him and deposited his vote unquestioned. This was too much for the judge, who, although he was an ardent Republican, hated a negro like poison, and for a week he neglected his work and wandered around cursing a country where "honest manhood was denied the right of suffrage, while property, when represented by an ignorant negro, was allowed to vote."

His lamentations finally made the boys a little tired, and they accordingly advised him to hire a hall and air his grievances. He took their advice in all seriousness, and accordingly rented a room and advertised that a public meeting would be held there on a certain evening to protest against the action of the city authorities in prescribing a property qualification for voting on any subject. To this meeting he invited all his friends, and arranged with a well-known young lawyer, who now occupies a prominent position in the State government, to introduce him to the audience.

When the night for the meeting arrived, the hall was crowded with the principal citizens of the place, many of them going there for the fun it promised. And there was fun, but not of the kind anticipated. Some unregenerate son-of-a-gun had put red pepper on the stove, and it commenced to get in its work just about the time the young lawyer commenced his speech. He commenced about in this style:

"Gentlemen (ker-choo), I have (ker-choo) the pleasure (ker-choo) of introducing to you (ker-choo) the honorable (ker-choo, ker-choo, ker-choo)—Gentlemen (ker-choo), we're peppered, by G—d!" and he made a run off the platform and for the door, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and the audience at his heels.

The meeting came to a close abruptly, and Judge Choate never delivered his speech in Fort Benton, although he did get it off to the boys at Barker, some time later, as a Fourth-of-July oration.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.*

CHINOOK WON THE CASE.

Every old-timer in Tacoma, or, in fact, in the State of Washington, either remembers or had a personal acquaintance with Attorney Frank Clark. Clark has been dead some eight years, but during a conversation between attorneys his name came up, followed by the narration of this incident in his career:

"Twelve years ago," said the lawyer telling the story, "Clark had as a client a man arrested on the charge of cutting timber on Government land. The United States was represented by two federal attorneys brought from a distance, either Portland or San Francisco, if I remember aright. When these lawyers came into court, there followed behind them a porter who unloaded upon the table fronting the judge's bench armful after armful of books. Clark strode in with three volumes of law under his arm. The jury was composed entirely of loggers and ranchers. Open-

ing the case, the imported lawyers delved deep into the tomes of law before them, and cited decision after decision bearing on the case on trial. Then, using language one-half the words of which were too extensive for the jury's understanding, they launched into their argument.

"As the United States attorneys finished, Clark arose, picked up one of his books, and without opening the volume, threw it aside. The next book shared the same fate. The third was opened, only to be cast aside. Clark then squared himself to the jury.

"'Nesika tillicums!' he commenced, and then, in a flow of Chinook jargon, went on to plead his client's cause. There was not a man on the jury but what understood every sentiment Clark conveyed, whereas the high-flown language of the imported attorneys had been utterly lost on them.

"In vivid Chinook, Clark painted a word-picture of the trials and tribulations of the settler in the wilds of a Washington forest, and of the desperate effort necessary to maintain wife and babes. And because his client had hauled a wagon-load of cord-wood to the village store to trade for food, he had been arrested and his family deprived of his support.

"There was possibly not one in the jury box but what had at some time been in the position Clark pictured. Every sympathy in them was aroused. Tears trickled down their rugged cheeks as Clark's Chinook flowed on.

"The lawyers from afar were awake to the disad-



THE HINT COURTEOUS.

George—"Confound it, Susie! It's raining cats and dogs."

Susie—"It might be a great deal worse, though."

George—"For heaven's sake, what's worse?"

Susie—"Why, hailing cabs and buses, you know."

vantage they were being placed under, and an objection was entered to Clark's use of Chinook or of any other language which the opposing counsel could not understand.

"'Your honor,' answered Clark, 'the jury here is to decide this case. The eminent gentlemen for the prosecution have used language so grandiloquent that not one of the jury understood its purport. I am speaking to them in the simple talk of the Western frontiersmen, understood alike by both Indian and white man who traverse and have been instrumental in the development of this Northwest. My language, call it jargon if you wish, explains to the jury, and, if I mistake not, also to your honor, the situation. I have but a few words more to say, and, with the court's permission, will continue in Chinook.'

"The permission was granted, and Clark's client was acquitted without the jury leaving their seats.—*Tacoma (Wash.) News.*

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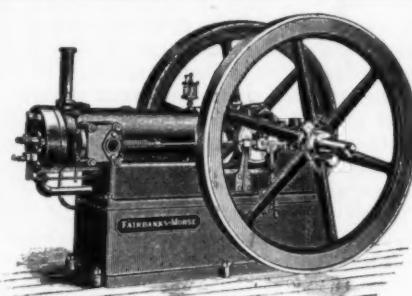
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clear and bright and will not soil clothes as it is removed
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ENGLISHMEN IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

The editor of the *Toronto Globe*, writing from Vancouver, B. C., has something of interest to say respecting English life in the British Northwest. He thinks that Vancouver is less English than Regina, Calgary, or Victoria. At Winnipeg the trousers have a tendency to turn upward. This habit becomes more inveterate at Regina, and very conspicuous and aggressive at Calgary. At Vancouver there is a roll downward, but at Victoria a violent reaction. There the turn-up is elaborate and uncompromising.

The Englishman with his gun, his dogs, his projects and his ambitions, is the subject of much of the romance of the West. There is no doubt that in many cases he determined to turn soil and climate to his purposes, and that the bent of nature was too strong for him, and his elaborate plans dwindled into pitiful failure. He has found that he cannot reproduce ancient England amid pioneer conditions; that nature is arbitrary, and that fortune gives her hand only to those who woo her wisely and in sympathy with her imperious moods.

At Calgary they will tell you many yarns of the Englishman who came out, not with a settler's ideas and a settler's outfit, but with leggings, shooting-jacket, guns, and dogs. The

It is told—but this story belongs to Manitoba—that an English family were found planting potatoes in October. It was suggested that the village shopkeeper should tell the family that it was useless to plant potatoes in the fall. But he protested against any such attempt to injure his business. He explained that he had sold the seed, and that the sale probably could not have been made if he had explained that it was not wise to do fall planting.

There was pictured to me an Englishman with a yoke of oxen, clad in the remains of a dress-suit and a silk hat, plowing in the early fall as the first snow was flying across the plains, and addressing his oxen with "haw! No; I beg your pardon, gee." But one could probably find people even in the West who would not believe this story. The fact remains, however, when one has heard all these yarns—all the stories of the young Englishman who spent two or three months of summer on the homestead and put in the rest in towns, living well and talking, as it was described to me, the "large language of the earlier gods," all the discouraging history of the remittance men who were transplanted from the home estate to the Western prairie in the hope that they who failed at home could succeed abroad—when one has heard all this, the fact stands that the

two days. This lake country is covered mostly with a spongy moss, into which a man sinks half-way to his knees. Yet the explorers averaged ten miles a day. They were chiefly delayed by the necessity of cutting a trail through woods for their long line of pack-horses. For men with single horses, travel would have been much easier. An advance courier made during the return trip the remarkable time, on foot, over unbroken mountain paths, of 140 miles in four days and two hours. He was William Schoonmaker of Wisconsin, a member of the hospital corps. Where the expedition turned, in the valley of the Tanana River, 150 miles south of Circle City, Captain Glenn could see sixty or seventy miles to the northward. The Tanana Hills, low and wooded, and all the country visible, appeared to be easy to traverse.

The climate was like that of Minnesota, without the excessive heat of the summer sun in the North Star State. Few Indians were met, and much game. In the mountains, herds of thirty to 100 mountain sheep were common. Moose and caribou were shot constantly. Near the seacoast, within the influence of the Japan current, a most fertile spot was the valley of the Matanuska River. There, for seventy miles, grass grew higher than the men's heads. Blue-

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mountains are fifty or sixty miles from Calgary, but, looking across the prairie, distance is very deceptive, and upon bright, clear days they seem very near at hand. It was a favorite trick of the humorist to start the Englishman with his dogs out on foot for a day's shooting in the Rockies. But as he advanced the towering rocks receded—the mountains would not come to him, and he could not get to the mountains.

There is a yarn of two young Englishmen, just arrived in the country, who, under the inspiration of the local wags, started out from a wayside station on the prairie to shoot bears. Late in the afternoon they returned for a wagon. In reply to the wondering inquiry as to what they intended to do with the wagon, they, of course, said that they wanted to bring in the bears. In a moment the story was in everyone's mouth, and half the village started out with the team to bring in the bears, or rather to rejoice in the discomfiture of the Englishmen when it was found what animal they had shot. But the Englishmen led to the finish. It was found, so the story goes, that the hunters had actually shot two bears, although no one before had seen a bear in that neighborhood.

Englishman has a wide influence in the Territories and British Columbia; that we owe much to his capital and much to his pluck; that he gives character to the social life, and tone and spirit to the public life of many of the Western communities, and that the best gift we can ask from the old land is that she will send out to us the children of her loins, that they may unite with us in the task and share with us in the glory of building up a British civilization on these rich alluvial valleys and far-spreading plains.

A COUNTRY THAT RESEMBLES MINNESOTA.

Captain Edwin F. Glenn of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who returned recently from Alaska, where he was engaged in conducting a Government exploration of the unknown regions west of Copper River in order to discover, if possible, an all-American overland route to the Yukon gold-fields, says that, topographically, the country examined offers few difficulties. The two mountain ranges were passed with comparative ease. The "lake country" is a tableland with a rolling surface crowded with lakes. The expedition passed 104 lakes within

berries, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, currants, and "mossberries," all most delicious, were everywhere. Before returning from Sunrise City, Captain Glenn ate "a few" vegetables grown at that spot—about 500 miles from the arctic circle. He ate potatoes, turnips, green peas, string-beans, beets, rutabagas, radishes, and lettuce. Barley and oats will grow near the coast. Wheat is still the subject of experiment. So salubrious was the land for man and beast, that not a traveler was sick during the whole journey, and but a single horse would have been lost had it not been for frozen grass that incapacitated two other animals.

Traces of gold were found in almost every creek and river, but no evidence of extraordinary richness. The geologist thought most favorably of the prospects in the Alaskan range near the Tanana River.

Among the relics, the captain brings back a "camalinka," or waterproof jacket, far superior to mackintosh or rubber, and made of the intestines of a bear; a "pikey," or snug fur coat sewn out of 250 squirrel-skins, and an Alaskan lady's comb, which is like a big ivory toothpick. They are great curiosities.

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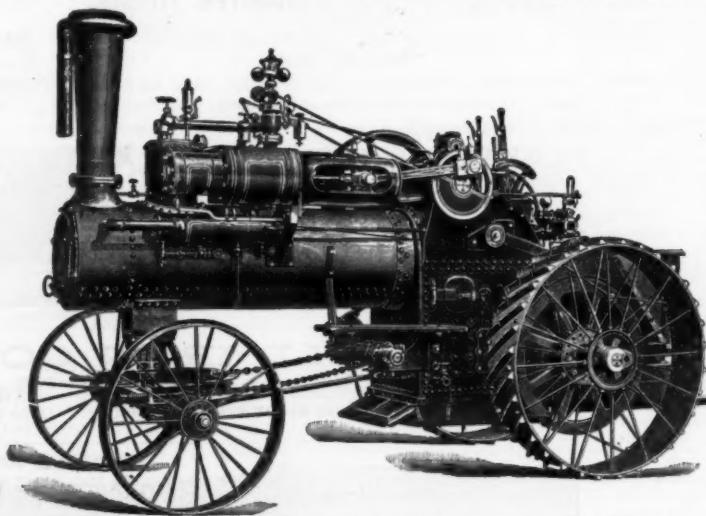
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Sp'endid Openings Along the "Soo" Railway Line.

Along the line of the Soo Railway in Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan lie vast tracts of land covered with hardwood timber consisting of maple, yellow and white birch, white and rock elm, basswood, spruce, hemlock, cedar, a little ash, and some scattering black and white oak, all awaiting the "harvest" of the lumbermen. This vast tract is comparatively untouched by the reaper. There are a few small mills here and there, near the road, whose operations have scarcely touched the vast field, yet some of them have been in operation for six or more years. Their haul has not exceeded three miles, and after doing thousands of dollars' worth of business each year, there is still left enough timber within five miles of their mills to keep them employed for the next six years. There is scarcely sound stick of timber which has not a market value when prepared by the hands of the workmen for its legitimate use; there is a growing demand for hardwoods for furniture, building material, staves and heading for barrels, butter-tubs, hoops, telegraph-poles, railway ties, pulpwood, etc.

Factories for the manufacture of all articles constructed of wood in whole or in part, which are useful or essential in the household, shop or factory, or on the farm, can be established where the material for the construction of such product is cheap and abundant.

Tanners can find a location for their plants in the midst of dense forests of hemlock, the bark from which is considered of greater value for tanning purposes than that from other States.

The times are propitious for the establishment of these and kindred industries; never better. The United States has entered upon an unexampled era of prosperity, which promises to continue for at least six years; political breaks cannot stop the momentum already acquired; labor is sought, not seeking; the daily wage is advanced or is advancing; the earner is living better and demanding more and better goods; capital is seeking investment, and interest rates are low.

These timbered lands are cheap and the soil fertile, producing all kinds of grain, vegetables, small fruits, and the hardy varieties of apples.

Thousands of men are seeking homes for themselves and families, and will settle on timbered lands where they can sell the timber products obtained by clearing their lands and preparing them for cultivation.

Some of the mill owners now located on the road have bought lands which they are selling to settlers on time contracts, agreeing to take the timber products at an agreed rate within a given time. Some of the proprietors of mills not having the means to purchase lands, select a suitable site and secure enough land on which to establish their plant, and then induce their neighbors and friends to purchase lands near their mill, and are thus enabled to operate their plant with but little outlay.

A plant can be established with a maximum power for the heaviest work required, which will answer to drive the machinery necessary for the manufacture of the different classes of products, if worked alternately, thus saving the cost of plant, a long haul, and employing a minimum of force which can be adapted to the machinery necessary for the different manufactures. There have been no failures along the "Soo Line" of enterprises established for the manufacture of hardwood products; all are prosperous; some are enlarging their facilities for manufacture.

In order to secure a more rapid settlement and hasten the development of the country along its railroad, the "Soo" Railway Company will furnish information to manufacturers, mill owners, or settlers, of localities where hardwood timber and good soil can be obtained. Low rates for machinery, settlers, and emigrant movables will be granted.

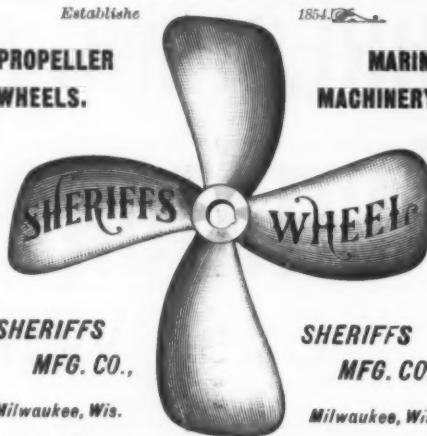
If you are desirous of securing a location for a mill or a manufacturing plant, or if you are a farmer and want information relative to the localities of mills already established, where good timber and good soil can be found, call upon or address.

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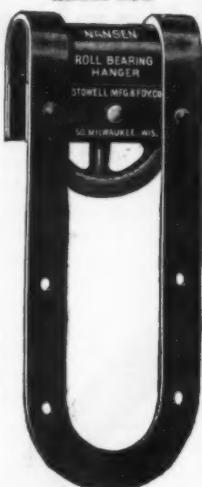
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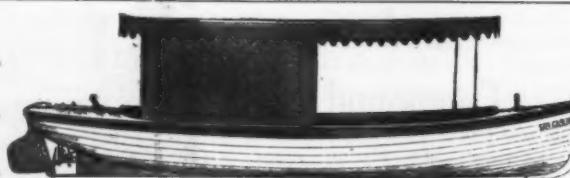
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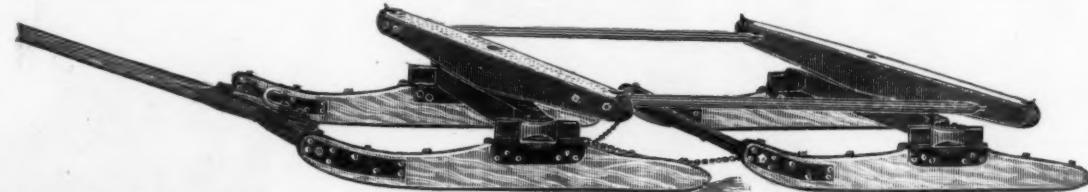
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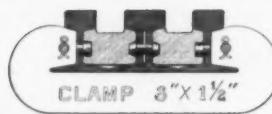
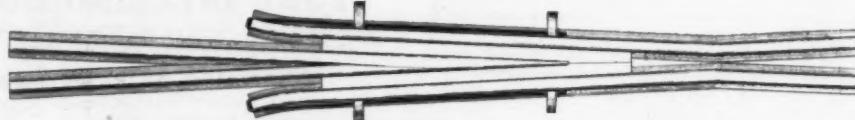
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Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

'For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.'

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The feet that are covered with bunions may not be stylish, but they are certainly "knobby."

Swans, we are told, sing just before dying—a beautiful example which might well be imitated by household cats.

Mamma—"I thought I heard Mr. Squeesicks kiss you last night, Ethel. I hope you did not encourage him."
Daughter—"I didn't need to."

She—"If capital punishment must be, I certainly favor electricity."
He—"That is to say, you prefer currents to raisins."

Parrot (to his newly chosen mate)—"You are the only bird I ever loved."

His Mate—"Oh, say! I'm not so green as I look."

"Say, Charlie, why does a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths?"

Charlie—"Because he makes faces and busts, to be sure."

Little Willie—"Pa, why do you call them 'minor poets'?"

Pa—"Because they ought to be working with a pick and shovel, my son."

Tamsby—"What's the matter, old fellow?"

Rockaby—"Funniest thing in the world! Wife had a dream last night. Thought I'd run away with 'nother woman, you know, and basted me one right in the eye."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,"

Is good advice, 'tis true;

But the trouble is, that sometimes

We must go to our "uncle," too.

Husband—"I see by this paper that Admiral Dewey did splendid execution on the enemy's flank."

Wife—"I'm downright glad to hear it. That young Aguinaldo has needed spankin' this long time."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"You're quite ignorant of naval affairs."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"There are others."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Yes; but I don't think that the time a boat is tied to a dock is the time that the knots are made."

McCarty—"What makes you look so glowing, O'Reilly?"

O'Reilly—"Flannagan jist bet me foive dollars that



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Unwelcome Guest—"They say I have my mother's mouth and nose."
Bored Hostess—"Well, your mother was very fortunate to get rid of them."

Fuddy—"That puppy looks astonished at something or other."

Duddy—"Dog daze, you know."

Son—"What is an empty title, pa?"

Pa—"An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."

Mrs. McBride—"Harry, I was beside myself at the condition you came home in last night."

Harry—"Good! I knew I saw two of you."

She—"You say that you met your friend accidentally?"

He—"Yes; I fell in with him while skating."

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill? I can't come here every day in the week."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday."

"Very well, then; you can call every Saturday."

Sister (to little Tommy, who has just been to hear a famous pianist)—"How did you enjoy the recital, Tom?"

Brother—"It was a big cheat, sis! A long-haired duffer played the piano, and nobody recited at all."

he cud drinck a quart av whisky in wan day an' not stagger, the loser to pay f'r th' whisky."

McCarty—"Sure, mon, ye have a dead cinch! He can't take three drhrinks widout shtaggerin'!"

O'Reilly—"Don't ye believe it. The spalpeen's gone to bed with th' bottle!"

Miss Sixteen—"Oh, Mr. Hogg! you never told me you could act."

Mr. Hogg—"Me, my dear? Why, no; I never acted in my life."

Miss Sixteen—"Well, anyway, mammy says you made a perfect exhibition of yourself at dinner, the other night."

A man was brought into the hospital who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead," but the man raised his head and said:

"No; I am not dead," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying:

"There, there, there! Be quiet. The doctor ought to know best."

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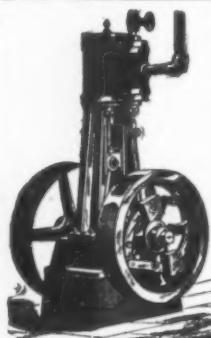
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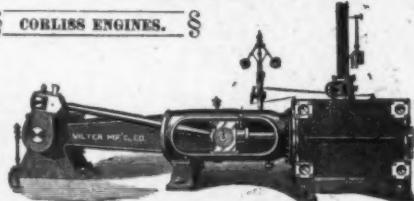


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